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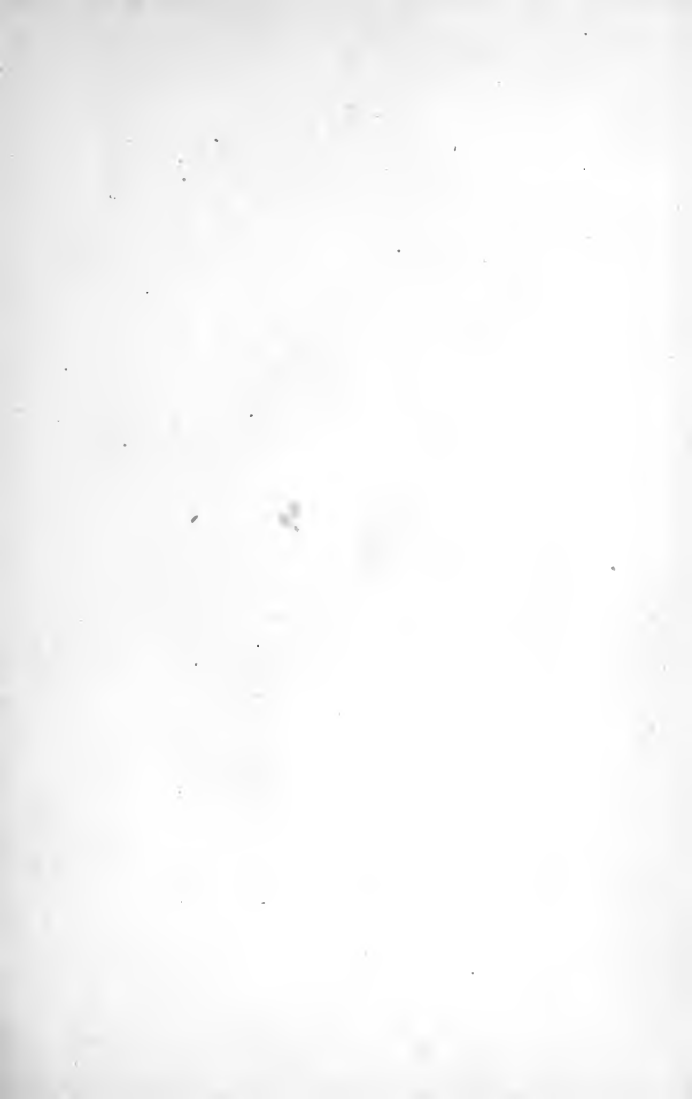
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POEMS.





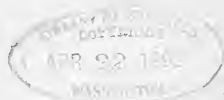
Yours truly
M. A. B. Kelly

A VOLUME OF POEMS

BY

copy
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State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.



47427 W'

Boston

JOSEPH GEORGE CUPPLES

250 BOYLSTON STREET

(1892)

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PREFACE.

It may not be inappropriate to give a few words of explanation concerning the "War Waifs" that introduce this volume. The author was a resident of Suffolk, Va., during a greater part of the late Civil War. The place was occupied as an outpost, and the condition of its inhabitants, under the alternate sway of the contending armies, was not an enviable one. The helpless women and children of the town would have suffered for the bare necessities of life had it not been for the kindness of the Federal Army. The author remembers with lively gratitude one occasion on which the generous and timely aid rendered by Gen. N. M. Curtis, the "Hero of Fort Fisher," saved both her child and herself from impending starvation.

A few of the poems were written during that period, but most of them were subsequently composed from a diary of the events as they occurred. Many of the dead and wounded of the battle of "Deserted House" were borne to hospitals immediately adjoining the author's residence, and one

building on her premises was appropriated by the One Hundred and Twelfth N. Y. Vols., as a "Dead House."

The battle of "Deserted House" began a little after two o'clock on the morning of January 30, 1863, and continued till about noon of the same day, when the Confederates retreated across the Blackwater. The gallantry of many of the regiments in this engagement is rewarded in the official records with honorable mention.

The Siege of Suffolk, by Gen. Longstreet, commenced April 12, 1863, and continued about three weeks. This bombardment cost several lives, and no small destruction of property. Many of the helpless citizens, fleeing from their burning dwellings, rushed excitedly between the skirmishing lines and thus lost their lives in attempting to escape from an impending peril. One family, whose house had caught fire, attempted to seek safety within the Federal Lines, the mother carrying an infant in her arms. She was instantly killed, but the rest of the family escaped unhurt.

It was during this siege that Ned Buntline, of Dime Novel fame, wrote a pathetic letter to Gen. Peck, asking to be temporarily released from prison, (where he was confined for inebriation) that he might "help do some of the fighting." His peti-

tion was granted, and he did good service during the siege.

For information concerning dates and many other important points, the author is indebted to the following named :—

Gen. N. M. Curtis ; Gen. Jno. Palmer, Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. ; Dr. Charles M. Clark, Thirty-ninth Ill. Vols. ; Capt. Samuel Culberton, and Hon. Edgar A. Day (both of the First N. Y. Dragoons) ; Mr. Geo. W. Wiggins, Sixth Mass. Inf. ; Serg. Henry C. Van Vechten, First N. Y. Mounted Rifles, and Mr. Geo. E. Lowry, Sec'y and Treas., Thirteenth Ind. Vet. Association.

That the War Waifs may be of interest, not only to those who took an active part in the events to which they refer, but to all who love their country and their country's flag, is the sincere wish of the author.

M. A. B. K.

ALBANY, Dec. 1, 1891.



WAR WAIFS.

INTRODUCTION.

“Weave these sad experiences into rhyme; so that the harmony of verse, the blessings of peace to come, and the healing hand of time, may soften the remembrance of what you are now passing through.” (Extract from a letter written by Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis Wallace, who under the pseudonym of “Allie Zandt,” became a popular contributor of war-items to the leading journals of the South.)

Dear Allie Zandt, I sit alone
In sorrow and in silence now,
And do thy bidding. Years have flown,
Since last I pressed upon thy brow
The farewell kiss ; but from my heart
Thine imaged grace will ne'er depart.

As in my ear the pearly shell
Sings of the ocean far away,
So in my heart sweet memories dwell
And chide me for my long delay
In gleanings, through the weary years,
These blossoms born of blood and tears.



MEMORIES OF THE SIEGE OF SUFFOLK.

On the evening of the 19th of April, 1863, a company of the 89th New York Volunteers—Lieut. Col. England—and a company of the 8th Connecticut Volunteers—Lieut. Ward—embarked on the gun-boat *Stepping-Stones*—Lieut. Lamson—and led on by General Getty, they stormed and took a battery from the enemy stationed at Hill's Point, on the west side of the Nansemond. The rebel loss: two killed, six wounded, one hundred and thirty prisoners, seven of whom were officers, besides five brass pieces and a large supply of ammunition. Federal loss: three killed and five wounded.

Virginia's fertile fields are waste and bare,
For where the broom-straw waved, a year ago,
White tents are pitched, and scattered, here and
there,

War's stern insignia lie; while to and fro,
The tramp of steel-clad men, and sabre's ring,
Proclaim to earth and sky that War is King.

Long lines of earth-works raise their frowning
forms;

Deep rifle-pits their deadly secrets hide;
Low-flying vultures sweep the sky in swarms,
In search of banquets, such as they provide
Who rush to battle, and in mortal strife,
Yield up the mystery that men call Life.

A little hamlet, desolate, forlorn,
Its homes dismantled, and in ruins laid,
Awakes in startled fear, this April morn ;
For ere the crystal lines of amber fade
Low in the east, the cloud-distended sky
Fore-warns of death and danger, lurking nigh.

Swift couriers are flying here and there,
The signal-flag that crowns the "Merry Oak"
Its mystic message floats upon the air,
And they who read its meaning, pale, invoke
The God of battles, while the long-roll's beat
Sends forth its call to conquest or defeat.

Then speeds the news :—The guards are driven in !
The enemy appear before the town
With Longstreet at their head ! Now, who would
win

The hero's fadeless laurels of renown,
Must charge the foe, pursue him in the race,
And challenge Death's dark sentry, face to face.

From yonder belt of woods there comes the boom
Of loud-mouthed cannon, as their hissing throats
Fierce warnings issue, of impending doom ;
While 'mid the roar, the call of bugle-notes
And stirring drum-beats through the camps re-
sound,
And rouse to action all the tented ground.

Oh, hapless homes of a beleaguered town !
O, fear-blanchèd matrons, gather to your side
Your helpless broods ; the storm beats fiercely
down,

The storm of iron hail, — where will ye hide ?
Where find a refuge from the bloody hand
That desolates and darkens all the land ?

For see ! Along the clay-cleft road is borne
An army litter, and stark dead and cold,
A woman's form outstretched ! Let Pity mourn,
And soft-eyed Sympathy her arms enfold
Around the orphaned babe, with starved lips
pressed
Against its mother's chill and pulseless breast.

Day follows day, and messengers of wrath
Flame-footed, speed from rifle-pit and fort,
While ghastly ruin marks their bloody path ;
Meanwhile, there comes the steady, strong report
Of distant gun-boats, on the Nansemond,
That fiercely, to the rebel taunts, respond.

Now solemn Night unrolls her sable screen :
And flashing up against the somber sky,
The fitful blaze of War's red torch is seen
Above uncoffined forms that stricken, lie
Where they their debt of duty nobly paid,
'Neath straggling shot or scathing enfilade.

And all along the outer picket line,
Keen eyes are peering through the veil of night,
To catch the gleam where rebel camp-fires shine ;
For, firmly planted on the frowning height
Above the river's bank, they dimly ken
The Stribbling Battery, held by Pickett's men.

Now on the night-air breaks the cannon's roar,
And far and near, swift, fiery missiles scream ;
Look, from the Nansemond's deep, winding shore
The gun-boat Stepping-Stones moves down the
stream !

Waist deep, her heroes land, and stem the flow,
Then scale the height and fiercely charge the foe.

With sudden shout they rush upon the rear,
And now with hand to hand, and steel to steel
They sternly grapple, till a lengthened cheer,
That rises o'er the cannon's deaf'ning peal,
Proclaims the victory, — 'tis done, 'tis done,
The rebel fort with all it holds, is won !

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

'Tis night in camp, the guns are stilled,
And bright the watch-fires glow ;
The soldiers' hearts with hope are filled,
And while the fires burn low,
And ere the tattoo calls to rest,
They pass the hour with song and jest : —

SONG.

Oh, we fear not the gray-back that stealthily glides
Through the vine-tangled swamp where the cop-
per-head hides ;
For the Somerton Road it is guarded with care,
While the Boys of the Sixth Massachusetts are
there, —

The brave boys that through Baltimore marched
undismayed,
And handled their guns as if war were their trade !
Then what boots it to us, this wild rumor that flies,
Of the skulking guerilla, sharp-shooters, and spies ?
We have Foster's and Terry's and Murphy's Bri-
gades,
And we'll welcome the foe with our grand fusil-
lades ;
And if any rash Reb should still venture too near,
Then good old Pennsylvania will toss him a Spear !
So we're ready for Jenkins, we're waiting for Hood,
And we scoff at the foe in the dark cypress wood ;
For our rifles are trusty, our bayonets keen,
And with Davis's Battery playing between
The strong Somerton Road and the face of the foe,
Sure, his path will be rough and his march will be
slow ;
Then hurrah for our country, three cheers upon
three,
For "The home of the brave and the land of the
free."

THE HERO OF FORT SEWARD.

During the siege of Suffolk, Va., a half-clad infant, escap-
ing from its mother's care, found its way to Fort Seward,
situated in the rear of the Sixth Massachusetts Hospital. Dr.
Walter Burnham actually tore the flannel pennon from his
flag-staff and gave it to the mother of the child. As he pre-
sented it, he good-naturedly observed, "All that our staff
needs is to stick to its colors, and a cotton flag will keep it
warm enough !"

Through all the camp a rumor runs, to-day,
Fort Seward's taken !
Fort Seward taken ? How ? By whom ?
Upon the air there falls no boom
Of wrathful cannon, near nor far away,
While banner-crowned, the stately bastions loom
Tall, proud, unshaken.

A pygmy soldier, — such is the report, —
(Mere rumor, may be),
Attacked, and captured, on the spot,
The garrison, without a shot.
Know ye the little Reb that stormed the fort ?
Behold, he smiling stands ! Oh, harm him not,
'Tis some one's baby.

His thread-bare coat is like the Rebel rag,
Less tattered, may be ;
But not a hero in the land,
More cheerful homage may command, —
For see ! The hospital hauls down its flag,
And puts it in the happy mother's hand,
To clothe her baby !

From hand to hand he passes, — crowned with
gifts, —

Glad, smiling, fearless.
His dash was brilliant, bloodless, bold,
But he the garrison will hold ;
For as his questioning glance to each he lifts,
And as his chubby arms their necks enfold,
His eyes are tearless.

A SOLDIER'S HISTORY.

I went into a hospital to-day,
And there, outstretched upon their narrow beds,
Men wounded, helpless, wan and haggard lay;
And some there were whose lives like brittle
 threads
Half-severed hung, as with hot, labored breath
And film-blurred eyes they blindly fought with
 Death.

The surgeon met me,—curt and rough of speech,
But tender as a woman in his thought;
“There’s one poor devil yonder, past the reach
Of human help,” he said.—I turned and caught
The meaning of his words, and for the rest,
If Death be friend or foe, God knoweth best.

Before me, lay a soldier, young,—as age
Is measured by the swiftly fleeting years;
But in the volume of a life, one page
May hold a record, blotted o’er with tears,
That would a strange, unsolved enigma be
To him whose life is pure and glad and free.

For it is hard to stand, in thought, where stood
An erring brother, when the tempter came
And smote him blind to every sense of good,
And left him helpless in the path of shame,
To wake at last, soul-smitten, hopeless, faint,
With that heart-hunger which no words can paint.

I write the story of a ruined life,
Unvarnished, plain, as it was told to me. —

A sin-wrecked soul has passed from earthly strife,
Passed to that far Beyond where'er it be, —
To mourn, ah, nevermore, — who dares gainsay,
The fault of his long, tearful yesterday :—

* * * * *

My home was in the fair, broad West
Where rose-hued sunbeams sink to rest,
And flush with each deep, mellow ray
Tall, cloud-capped summits, distance-gray,
And thrifty vales and dappled hills,
Hemmed in with silver-threaded rills.

'Twas there my boyhood days were spent,
And there my father toiled, content,
Nor cast one look of vain regret
Back o'er the past. But when I met
A pensive look, sometimes a tear
Up-springing to my mother's eyes, —
(Sweet orbs as soft as April skies,)
I questioned why. "'Tis naught, my dear,
'Twill pass away," she quick replies,
"And we are very happy here."

I was so young, I could not know
That over-care would make her old ;
But thought my mother's locks of gold,
And rounded throat, as white as snow,
Their beauty would forever hold ;
Nor dreamed that in her breast there lay
A tearful longing, hidden deep,
For home and kindred, far away,
Where eastern hills and valleys sleep.

No gladsome mates had I to share
My childhood sports ; but oft there came
A little maid with auburn hair,
And rosy lips and cheeks aflame
With bashful blushes as she stood
In budding sweetness, fair, as good.
And when with furtive glance I scanned
Her modest face, with grieved surprise
I noted oft that in her eyes
The rounded tear-drops seemed to stand.

But soon I learned to frame in speech
The sympathy I sought to lend ;
And she in turn would shyly reach
Her dainty hand to mine and bend
A listening ear to hear me tell
Strange fairy-tales. Ah, passing well
I loved that little maid to teach,
The little maid named Isabel.

One morning when the frosty air
Of bleak December silvered o'er
The wood and stubble everywhere,
She came and sat beside our door
In orphaned grief ; and from that day
She turned no more her steps away,
But lived in glad content to share
My mother's love, my father's care.

Years passed, and ever at my side
My foster-sister kept her pace ;
In task or game, with wistful pride
She sought her merit in my face ;

No higher umpire did she ask,
Joy-crowned if I approved her task ;
And to my heart an answer sent
With eyes that voiced her mute content.

The touching story sweetly told
Of Paul and fair Virginia's fate,
We verified ; for days of old,
And days that are their secrets hold,
Of hearts that oft untimely mate, —
Linked by the mystic tie of fate, —
To turn at last so strangely cold
That all the world seems desolate !

Our hidden love we dared not tell,
But kept the secret guarded well ;
And they who saw us, day by day,
With growing fondness, closer cling,
Saw but two children at their play ;
And when I placed a shining ring .
Upon her dimpled hand one day,
She spoke no word, she made no sign,
But raised her soft brown eyes to mine,
In glad response no words could tell ;
And then in secret Isabel
Became my bride ! I meant no wrong,
But oft 'tis proved in tale and song,
That secret pledge, whate'er it be,
Gives rein to infidelity.

As years sped on I restless grew ;
My father's clovered acres smiled

As fragrant, broad, and fair, to view,
As when I roamed, a happy child
Along the shaded, crystal rills
That led from distant, sapphire hills
Through field and wood and velvet dell,
Content with my good Isabel.

But that great, boundless world outside,
Sent to my ear its throbbing sound. —
'Tis strange how oft our paths divide
When heart to heart is closest bound !
I left my home, my sister-bride,
And from that hour my breast hath found
No lasting joy. The swelling tide,
Of wild ambition's wave hath drowned
My struggling soul and, tempest-tossed,
I've wandered helpless, hopeless, lost.

Temptation wove its baleful snare ;
I fell and learned to crush at last,
The bitter grief, the wild despair
That o'er my life their shadows cast ;
And from my breast the prompter hurled
That frowned, when fortune spoke me fair,
Clutched at my heart and sought to bare
My hidden secret to the world.

I learned to smile with lips that lied,
And found it not a stupid task ;
In base deceit each art I plied,
Neath falsehood's fair, illusive mask ;
But conscience oft renewed her claim
And spurned the price that purchased fame.

The hearts and hands of men I won ;
I rose to honor and renown,
And gloried in my rising sun
When beauty smiled, and wealth bowed down ;
Then to my heart serenely said,
"Thou hast no past, thy past is dead."

But fame is a light recompense,
As empty as the Syren's song,
And will not heal nor hush the sense
Of having wrought a lasting wrong ;
And he who lives a dual life,
Writhes in a self-accusing strife !

At length a hungry longing came
To see once more my boyhood's home.
I strove to hide the blush of shame
That tinged my cheek, as thoughts would come
Of just reproach and bitter blame,
And bid me wait, till years on years
Had steeled fond hearts and dried their tears.

With throbbing pulse I stood once more
Within the open cottage door ;
But not alone, for by my side,
I led a newly-wedded bride !
So reckless, cruel, and unjust,
So lost to shame, so false to trust,
May man become when passion's reign
Enslaves the heart and mads the brain.

A little child with soft, brown eyes, —
Such eyes a heritage must be !

Glanced shyly up, in scared surprise,
Then questioned:—"Did you come to see
The place where mama's ma is laid?
They put her there, a week ago.
I'll show the way, I'm not afraid." —

No wonder that the crimson glow
Of shame forsook my guilty cheek!
Crushed, trembling, stunned beneath the blow,
I scarce could stand, I could not speak,
And bowed my head in silent woe.

Then on my ear there sweetly fell
Glad words of welcome, tender, low,
Like echoes of the long ago.
I raised my eyes, and Isabel
Before me stood! The fires of hell
Consumed me then; for well I knew
That she was brave, and pure, and true,
And I more false than tongue can tell.

A woman's grace will pardon wrong,
And shield the hand that stabs, and yet
Her heart be true, her trust be strong;
But when her trust with scorn is met,
What deeper anguish may she know?
Death cannot deal a surer blow.

How like a burnished blade of steel
Her glance went to my coward breast,
As statue like, in mute appeal
She stood, with choking sob suppressed,
Her pallid lips and eyes a-strain

Revealing all her speechless pain.
The wasted form, — the hectic glow
That played upon her marble cheek,
Betrayed her soul-consuming woe
More touchingly than words could speak.

A moment thus she mutely stood,
And then the vital, crimson flood
Burst from her lips. — I wear the stain
On hand and heart, and say "'tis well." —
I sprang to save her, but in vain,
She fled my touch, and lifeless fell
Prone at my feet, slain Isabel !

The whirlwind's breath hath swept my track,
I've harvested my bitter-sweet ;
She gave me truth, and blindly back
I threw the jewel at her feet.
Through years of silence she had borne
My mother's doubt, my father's scorn,
To shield me from their righteous blame ;
And from her finger tore the band
That proved her just and legal claim
As any mother in the land,
To give my child her father's name.

The years wear on. My child hath grown
To maidenhood. But from that day
Her orphaned heart hath never known
The need of mother-love. Away
Beyond the western hills they bide.
And I, — what right have I to claim
One tender thought? My child? My bride?
Mine only in an empty name!

I've harvested my bitter-sweet,
 I've drunk the bottom dregs of sin ;
 I've roamed with weary, restless feet,
 Nor paused, nor dared to look within ;
 And sought forgetfulness in vain,
 From pole to pole, and main to main.

Sweet love hath nestled near my heart,
 With weary wing and panting breast ;
 Unmoved, I saw her, grieved, depart,
 I could not give her pinions rest ;
 And beauty with her magic spell
 Hath sought to woo me but in vain ;
 For ne'er will bloom, in vale or dell,
 So fair a flower as Isabel,
 Nor throbs a heart so free from stain,
 Nor beats so true, nor loves so well.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

"As every place at the South, occupied by the Union forces, is denied all communication with the Southern army, many of us have not heard from our husbands in twelve months. If they fall, we shall never know when nor where, especially those who have gone out as privates under the Conscript Act."—*Extract from a letter.*

The moonbeams came so bright, Charlie,
 The moonbeams came so bright,
 And wove their soft, white drapery
 - Round the baby's crib, to-night,
 That I wondered if the soldiers,
 And you, among the rest,
 Were talking 'neath the moonlight
 Of the hearts that love you best.

There are days when storm-clouds gather,
And the rain comes falling fast ;
Days wherein no summer sunshine
Smiles away the howling blast ;
Then I wonder if the soldiers,
And you of all the rest,
Have outside cheer and comfort,
And hope within your breast.

There are days when burning sunbeams
Kiss the parched and arid earth,
Days when floret-eyes are turning
Toward the banks that gave them birth,
Pleading vainly for the wavelets
That so oft have washed away
The dew that droops their eyelids
At the early peep of day ;

Then I wonder if the soldier
'Neath the fiercely burning sun,
Is panting out his life-breath
On the field just lost or won ;
And I tremble, as I wonder
Whether you, of all the rest,
Are lost on earth, forever,
To the heart that loves you best !

WE TWO.

Sleep, baby mine, though through the murky air
The solid shot and shrieking shell resound ;
While lurid flames light up the sky, and round

Our quaking tenement, the horrid glare
Of burning homesteads pictures wild despair.
Swift meteors of wrath fall to the ground
With hissing threat, on Death's dread errand
bound ;

And soon, with arms reversed, shall they who bear
Their fallen comrade to his resting-place .

Beside the rolling Nansemond, slow pass
Before me, while I gaze with pallid face ;

For on some future day, we two, — alas,
When War's red chariot hath run its race,

May seek with tear-dimmed eyes, — a mound of
grass !

SUFFOLK, VA., April 25, 1863.

OLD AUNT MILLY.

Do you mark the little cabin standing near that
clump of pine,

Where the bamboo's jointed tendrils round the
cypress-knees entwine ;

Where the mulberry's bare rootlets, twisted and
rheumatic, coil

In and out among the holly that defies the barren
soil ?

Well, that cabin is Aunt Milly's, and from early
dawn of day,

Till the tattoo beats at evening, poor old Milly
toils away

At her "washin' fur de sojers," — and though shot
and shell may speed

On their sure or doubtful errands, still Aunt Milly
takes no heed ;

But with sleeves rolled to her elbows, and bandana
of bright red

Folded "zactly on de bias," and coiled round her
grizzly head, .

She blends music with her labor, till she makes
the cabin ring,

And 'twould fill your heart with gladness, just to
hear old Milly sing :—

De Lawd He sent an angel down

To set His people free ;

Den come my lub-e-ly bred-er-en,

Oh, come along wi' me ;

De boat it is a waitin' fur

To take po' sinners in,

An' when yo've landed on de sho'

Yo'll drap dat load ob sin ;

De Lawd He'll take it all away,

An' place yo' on de groun',

Wi' silver slippers on yo're feet

To walk ole Jordan roun'.

I feel like, I feel like,

I feel like marchin' on ;

I feel like, I feel like,

I feel like marchin' on.

Dey dun and tuk de Lawd ob love,

And nailed Him to de cross on high,

Had I de whings ob Noah's-es dove

I'd sing and praise Him twell I die.

It pears like, it pears like
I'm on my journey home ;
It pears like, it pears like
I'm on my journey home.

“DAN.” *

(Written at Suffolk, Va., Nov. 3, 1862.)

Dan is a jolly good fellow,
And Dan is gay, dashing, and bold,
He always looks out for the ladies,
No matter how young, or how old !
In short, he's the qualifications
(We'll say it aloud, for we can),
To make him the chief among mortals,
A high-hearted, whole-hearted man.

His pockets know never a famine,
They leak, but they leak at the top,
A fault that few people complain of
(I know one or two who do not) ;
So all the young cousins at Christmas
March up to his room, to a man,
And “salute,” as they grasp the bright quarter
Held out by their dear “Cousin Dan.”

Dan travels way down in Secessia,
He's seen all the mules and a — bare
And desolate region of country,
As ever he saw anywhere ;

* Adjutant Daniel C. Liggett, Second Ohio Vols.

He says that one Buck of Ohio
Is worth a plantation of mules,
But Dan never learned how to "reckon"
According to Secession rules!

He wears some "brass straps" on his shoulders;
Wears long-legged boots, and all that,
But still he retains all his senses!
He knows how to relish a chat
With every fine fellow about him,—
Is bound to enjoy all he can,
And all the "good boys" in camp hail him
By no other title than "Dan."

He always speaks well of the ladies
(I know he'd speak well of his wife).
'Tis a marvel he should have stayed single
These long dreary years of his life;
But when this great conflict is over,
And Peace shall be stayed in her flight,
Should there be a great rush to the Union,
Why, Dan will be forced to unite!

THE SIEGE RAISED.

Sad April skies have wept their fill,
Dark clouds no more their tears distill,
And smiling May, with garlands fair,
Her fragrance sheds on all the air;

She comes, a harbinger of peace,
For lo, the sounds of battle cease !
Bright banners wave from strong redoubts,
While contrabands, and trusty scouts
And couriers, with flying feet
Report the foe in full retreat !
The fury of the storm is past,
The Val-father speaks peace at last ;
The deep Blackwater rolls between
Besieger and besieged. The scene
Is changed, and all the camp rings out
With song, and cheer, and victor's shout.

And now each heart beats high again,
For yonder comes the Wagon-train !
Up to the hub, in miry clay,
The clumsy " U. S. " makes its way.
Brimful of treasures, packed with care, —
Good news from home, and tid-bits rare
From loving hands, and hearts too true
To e'er forget the Boys in Blue !

Now round the evening mess they throng,
With merry tale and jocund song ;
Nor pause to mend their home-spun verse
As they their martial deeds rehearse,
Till all too soon the tattoo's sound
Is heard. The sentry makes his round,
The dying camp-fire's fitful light
Dies out, and fold on fold, the night
Envelops camp and field, once more
In peaceful rest. — The Siege is o'er.

BATTLE OF DESERTED HOUSE. *

(Read at the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Old Guard,
held at Indianapolis, Sept. 23, 1891.)

'Tis midnight. Slumber's balm hath sealed
The soldier's eyelids, and the moon
Looks calmly down on tent and field ;
And as her mellow light is shed
O'er all the sleeping camp, outspread,
The soldier dreams, — but ah, too soon
His blissful dream of home hath fled !

Mid-winter holds his icy reign,
And from their fleecy tents the stars
Step forth to join that brilliant train
The rear guard of the mighty Mars.

But see ! There speeds with flashing light
Athwart the sky, a single star
That slips beneath the moon's pale bar
And darting down, is lost to sight.
Who knows, but 'mid the shining host
Some sentinel forsakes his post ?

And now beneath the winter sky
Our columns stand in full array
To fight, perchance to fall, — to die !
We question not. — But who shall say
That in the bravest hero's eye

* A point nine miles west of Suffolk, Va., held by the Confederate General, Roger A. Pryor.

There glistens no uprising tear
(Born not of craven-hearted fear),
But for the loved ones, far away ?

Spear's Cavalry, with clattering speed,
In swift advance our columns lead ;
And as by twos they onward dash,
A sudden whizz, — a musket's flash
With startling force breaks on the air !
They heed it not, but boldly dare
The foe with answering sabre's clash.
Ah, how they charge ! See, everywhere
Their glancing weapons, gleaming bright,
Flash back the full moon's flooding light.
Then rises loud the mingled shout,
"They've put the rebel guards to rout !"
And wild huzzas, and cheer on cheer
Resound from front, and flank, and rear.

Now forward rush our fleet deploys !
Through wood and swamp they fearless go,
The "Thirteenth Indiana Boys,"
With bayonets fixed to charge the foe.
On, on, they press, till lost to sight,
Then all is veiled in blackest night ;
For now, alas, the waning moon
Dies out, and scout and bold dragoon
Must stand, with hearts that never quail,
And blindly face the leaden hail.

Now Follett's guns with thunder-tones
Join Davis's in fiery wrath,

While piercing shrieks and stifled groans
Mark well the War-king's reddened path ;
And men and horses moaning lie
Beneath the cold and starless sky,
In pools of blood and thickets damp ;
Nor heed the rush, nor hear the tramp
Of those who brave this woeful night
Without one star their path to light.

But as they, blind, bewildered, go,
The darkness veiling friend and foe,
Whence comes that crash,—that sudden light ?
A rebel death-bolt on its way
Has struck a caisson ! — Clear and bright,
As shines the sun at full mid-day,
The flames leap up, and now the foe
Learns where to strike his surest blow.

His vantage-ground, he seizes, — quick
His missiles search our ranks, and thick
The field is strewn with heroes slain,
Where whizzing bullets fall like rain.

The flames are quenched, and sable Night
Again spreads out her gloomy pall ;
By shot and shell, on left and right,
Scorched, scattered, now our comrades fall,
And mangled, torn, and crushed, they're found
Stretched lifeless on the frozen ground.

At length we hail the rosy beam
That ushers in the dawn of day ;
And though the deadly missiles scream
Amid our ranks, firm on our way

We form battalion lines, nor yield
Till we have charged across the field,
To deal the last decisive blow
Upon the swiftly flying foe.

Well may each standard-bearer claim
The proud inscription, written here.*
New York will mourn her martyred slain,
And Pennsylvania drop a tear
Upon the graves of those who fell
To save the flag they loved so well ;
For from the East and from the West,
Men side by side, unflinching, stood,
Nerved by the cause, dear to each breast,
That bound them in one brotherhood.

From Massachusetts' classic hills
To Indiana's rolling plains,
Each loyal heart with ardor thrills
At sight of those deep, crimson stains,
That on our ensigns floating free,
Record our hard-won victory.

As o'er our fallen brave, we breathe
A prayer of faith, that for each brow
The gentle hand of Peace may wreath
A lasting chaplet, let us bow
And to the God of battles yield
The glory of the blood-bought field.

I request that there may be inscribed upon the regimental colors, "Blackwater and Deserted House."—*Col. Samuel C. Spear, Eleventh Penn. Cavalry.*

TWO YEARS AGO.

(Written during the war, and published as a tribute to the
One Hundred and Twelfth N. Y. Vols.)

Two years ago, when summer flowers
Were shrinking 'neath September's frown,
When Nature, rich with autumn's dowers,
Exchanged her green, for robes of brown;
Chautauqua's sons, her pride, her boast,
As Freedom's breast its wounds revealed,
Went forth to join the mighty host
Already on the battle-field.

The widow's only son was there, —
Alas, how could she bid him stay,
When aged men, with hoary hair,
Their armor burnished for the fray?
Wives, mothers, daughters, sisters all
A parting blessing freely gave,
In answer to that earnest call, —
"To arms! To arms! Your country save!"

And nobly has that gallant band
The soldier's toils and perils shared,
As 'neath the banner of their land
Their bosoms to the foe they bared;
For some lie sleeping on the plains
Where mingled hosts of dead repose,
And some, mayhap, in captive chains
In sorrow pine 'mid cruel foes.

.

And some there were whose spirits burned
To hasten to the deadly fray,—
But ah, their confined forms returned
Before its sounds had died away.
Their confined forms! alas, the woe
That clad the home, the heart, the face.
Ah, Death, it was a cruel blow
That years on years may not erase.

Along the winding Nansemond
They're scattered, too, in dreamless sleep;
Above their graves the dew-plants bloom,
And there, like silent mourners, weep.
Two little years, — alas, how few
Of all that noble band remain!
Of all those hearts, so tried and true,
How few shall greet us here again!

THE LAST TATTOO.

“The number is growing less and less as each year makes its changes. Soon ‘Taps’ and ‘Lights Out!’ will be sounded for the last one in our number, by the grim camp-follower of us all—Death!—only to awake at the ‘Reveille’ of Gabriel, as he summons us for final account.”—*Extract from the History of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Regiment, written by Charles M. Clark, M. D., late Surgeon of the Regiment.*

Death sounds for all the last “tattoo,”
Deep silence reigns; night closes round;
The restful sleep that none may woo,
And none may break, strange, still, profound,
Beclouds each sense. — Friends, tearful, strew
Spring violets, and meadow-rue,
And mark the spot as hallowed ground.

Each winter spreads a veil of snow,
Each summer braids a tender wreath
For some new grave. — Years come and go;
But they who rest in peace beneath
The winter's blast, the summer's glow,
Hid not the sword within its sheath
Till it had dealt the final blow!
What rarer gift can man bequeath
Than life, to stay a nation's woe?

And when they meet in Grand Review
Before the final Judgment Hall,
Think ye, the "Boys" who donned the "Blue"
Responsive to their country's call
Will blanch with fear? Nay, is it true
He heedeth e'en a sparrow's fall?
Then will he mete to each his due,
And justly, wisely, judge us all.

A REBEL'S SOUVENIR.

Swift rushing, Death's challenge to meet,
But still rushing bravely to death,
The masses in gray fell like chaff at our feet
Swept down by our cannon's hot breath.

But now breaking ranks, see, they yield
At last to our fierce, galling fire!
And, leaving their wounded and dead on the field
In wildest confusion, retire;

Retire in the direst dismay,
And flee to the sheltering pines ;
And now from the field, both the blue and the gray
Are gently borne back to our lines.

What was it the soldier in gray
With face cold and white as the snow,
Held tightly within his clinched hand as he lay
Stark dead at the feet of his foe ?

Nay smile not with scorn as you scan
The verses his sweetheart hath penned ;
Perchance when the "fight at Manassas" began,
Your poet foresaw not the end !

GOD SPEED.

Now God speed thee, thou art going from thy
childhood's home away,
At the call of duty going, and what charm shall
bid thee stay ?

Every tie is calmly broken,
Every farewell firmly spoken,
And thy proud eye gives no token
Of regret nor fear, to-day,
As with voices strong and steady,
Comes the watch-word, "We are ready," —
Ready for the toils, aye, ready,
That await us on the way.

* * * * *

When we see the proud light burning
In each fearless victor's eye,

Then we'll know that Southern spirit hath taught
conquered foes to fear it,
And we'll sacredly revere it, as a thing that cannot
die.

Blood-stained is the parchment, and worn,
And scarcely the words we discern, —
“God speed,” — 'tis the prayer of a heart that
is torn
With grief for the hero's return!

THE NAMELESS HEROINE.

“The men of the Seventy-sixth will not soon forget, and I should fail in the performance of my duty, did I not mention the ‘Nameless Heroine’ who, with a cup in each hand, so busily dealt out water to the thirsty boys, the tears of sympathy stealing down her lovely cheeks, as the wounded soldiers came hobbling by, until pierced by a rebel ball, she fell dead by the side of her pail!”—(Battle of Gettysburgh.)
From the History of the Seventy-Sixth Regiment, N. Y. Vols. by Hon. A. P. Smith, First Lieut., and Q. M. of the Regiment.

Oh, give honor and fame to the heroes who fought,
And give laurels and tears to the martyrs who
fell
On that fierce July day when your columns were
brought
Face to face with the foe and his murderous shell.
On that day when the daisy, white-robed like a
bride,
Shrank away from the carnage with fear-droop-
ing eyes,

When the grass dipped its blade in the dark crimson tide,

And the sweet Dove of Peace winged her way
to the skies.

But when over the mounds of your heroes ye strew
The first-born buds and blossoms of woodland
and dell,

When ye plant by the sod of your brave Boys in
Blue

The bright banner for which they so gallantly
fell.

Then forget not the grave where your heroine lies,
Oh remember the maid who with heart strong
and true,

In the midst of the slaughter, with pitying eyes

Bravely held out the cup of cold water to you :

And with tender care, gather one blossom of white,

With its heart crimson-tinted, and plant it alone,
Where the willow droops low and the dews of the
night

Softly weep for the maiden unknelled and
unknown.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

“The sight of the dead and dying made us feel rather sober. Here lay the dead body of a boy not more than eighteen years of age. How soon his career was ended! A young volunteer in the morning, a dead hero at night.”—
(Skirmish at Blackburn’s Ford.) *From Todd’s Seventy-Ninth Highlanders.*

Once as wayward fortune led me to a homestead
quaint and old,

While I shared its kindly shelter, this, the tale the
good wife told :

Ah, how Time’s swift shadow passes, full ten years
and more have fled,

Since that patient, sad-eyed woman told the story
of her dead !

In her hands she clasped a portrait, fair the face, as
any girl’s,

Eyes of blue, beneath a forehead ’broidered o’er
with auburn curls :

Pleased, she told me of his boyhood, dwelt on all
his winsome ways ;

How he filled the house with sunshine. — Who can
chide a mother’s praise ?

Then a soldier, proud, he left her, armed to meet
the deadly strife,

And upon his country’s altar laid the precious boon
of life ;

When his star of hope was brightest, when no
cloudlet dimmed his sky,

With his young life full of promise, lo, the sum-
mons came to die !

'Mid the din and smoke of battle, bravely facing
shot and shell,

He, whom Nature stamped a hero, like a hero,
fighting fell.

"Fell at Blackburn's Ford," she faltered, "fore-
most he, and unafraid,

Not a truer, braver soldier served in Richardson's
brigade.

"Only eighteen when he 'listed, 'tis just twenty
years to-day,

Twenty years of life in heaven," — and she, weep-
ing, turned away, —

Kissed the portrait of her hero, — put it in its
wonted place,

And again took up life's burden with a sweet and
patient grace.

Summer flowers have bloomed and withered on the
turf above his breast,

Winter snows have mocked the whiteness of the
stone that marks his rest ;

But the presence of his spirit from her soul will
ne'er depart ;

Like the bright wing of a seraph it shall gather
round her heart.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF DRURY'S BLUFF.

(Read at the Eleventh Annual Reunion of the Thirty-ninth Infantry, held at Joliet, Oct. 8, 1891.)

There were dead men in blue, there were dead men
 in gray,
There were columns that wavered, then melted
 away ;
There were horses and riders stark, stiff on the sod,
There were shouts, there were groans, and petitions
 to God ;
While the hiss of the shrapnel, that volvox of war,
Mocked the whizzing of bullets from near and from
 far.

"See that tall, plucky Yank! a good target is he,
And I'll just go for him, else he *may* go for me."
Quick as thought, from the fast-falling ranks of the
 gray
Sped a bullet well-aimed, and a brave soldier lay
Writhing, bleeding, and helpless, with film-blinded
 eyes
Gazing upward in prayer to the pitiless skies.

But when night spread a veil o'er the carnage of
 day,
By the soldier in blue knelt a soldier in gray.
Gently back from his forehead he brushed the soft
 curls
And a face, finely chiseled and fair as a girl's,

Grimly stamped with the pallor of death, met his
view.

Starting back, he cried out, "Is it, can it be true?
Yes, too terribly true! — and 'twas my hand that
sped

The swift ball on its errand! Oh, speak to me,
Fred!

Let me hear from your lips that the deed you for-
give, —

See! The wound is not deep, — it will heal, —
you will live,

You must live, I will nurse you, my own hand
shall heal

This rough scratch, (curse the ball), — now my boy
do you feel

My strong arm underneath you? — Slow, steady,
and rise

When I give you the word." Then the film-clouded
eyes

Sought the face bending o'er them, the pallid lips
stirred.

"It — was — all — a — mistake, dearest — brother."
Each word

Fell in low, husky whispers. "You — loved — me
— too — well

To — send — such — a — grim — messenger; — ah,
but — I — fell —

With — the — old — flag — above me! Tell —
mother — I — die —

In — the — faith — that — she — taught — us; and
— tell — her — that — I .

See, — beyond — the — dark — waters, the — clear
 — beacon — light,
 But — oh, — never — say *how* — I — was — slain —
 in — the — fight, —
 Hold — me — closer."

Then fondly, with face pressed to face,
 And with heart close to heart, came the last long
 embrace.

One hot kiss on the forehead, one grasp of the
 hand,

And the soldier in blue at his Chieftain's command,
 Made salute, and passed up to that army above,
 Whose strong Leader is Christ, and whose Coun-
 tersign, "Love."

THE LOST CAUSE.

(A Confederate Retrospect.)

You never saw the Heights? — So, So.

Ah, then you've never seen

The head-stones and the hillocks, low,

With narrow paths between;

You've never seen the mound near by,

Where 'neath one mammoth stone,

Two thousand Yankee Soldiers lie,

Marked — "Graves of the Unknown."

Marked plain upon the paneled slab,

And quite as plainly read;

But not so plain, my little lad,

The cause for which they bled, —

"The Rebel hordes with whom they fought,
Ought to lie there," — you say?
Ah, boy, you think as you were taught,
And so, no doubt, thought they.

No matter now, 'tis past and gone,
Forgotten and forgiven,
And whether right, or whether wrong,
They'll settle that in heaven. —
But you should see proud Arlington
Crowned, on her lofty height,
No fairer prospect ever shone
Beneath the sun's broad light.

The thoughts of her rose-scented lanes
With garden-plots ablaze, —
And fertile fields, and blossomed plains
Bring back the vanished days
When on the Heights she sat, a queen,
And, rolling calmly by,
The broad Potomac's classic stream
Smiled back Virginia's sky.

The Heights? Why, Lee's old home, — here, look,
'Tis pictured on this chart;
My lad, you should not need a book,
To know the thing by heart.
You were not born? So it appears, —
Time flies as swift as light.
Yes, yes, 'tis nearly thirty years
Since Lee led on the fight.

Ah, Lee was Nature's true-born lord,
With soul that could not wince,
And armed with silver-hilted sword,
He rode like any Prince !
His brow was clear, his eye was bright,
His heart was true and strong,
His arm was nerved to strike for right ;
He'd never strike for wrong.

And proud were we, at his command,
To rush into the fray.
Some lost a head, some lost a hand,
But none lost heart, that day.
I gave my good right arm, — see, there.
But I — I'll never grieve
That for the Lost Cause I must wear
Henceforth an empty sleeve.

LAUREL-CROWNED.

A Tribune, in the days of old,
His life, a sacrifice, laid down,
To guard his legions in their hold,
For which he won a laurel-crown.

Beneath a heap of stricken dead,
The dauntless chief alive was found ;
His comrades raised his feeble head,
And proudly hailed him " Laurel-Crowned."

May we not boast our heroes, too,
As brave as any land hath found ?
And shall the victors, tried and true,
Who died for us, remain uncrowned ?
Nay, — raise the shaft that shall proclaim
Their loyalty and love, profound ;
Carve tearfully their wreath of fame,
And proudly hail them “ Laurel-Crowned.”

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN CAMP.

'Tis Christmas eve in camp. Bright overhead
The starry chandeliers their lustre shed
On tent and fortress, and the gentle wing
Of Peace above the camp seems hovering.

Within the crowded ward, upon his bed
A dying soldier lies. The nurse's tread
Scarce breaks the stillness ; while the fitful light
From blazing fagots paints strange scenes to-night,
And on the whitewashed walls weird shadows creep
Of phantom forms that from the embers leap.

The soldier watches the fantastic play,
Then slowly turns his tearful eyes away,
For had he passed unscathed from out the fight,
A furlough would have crowned this Christmas
night,

And by the cheerful fire-light of his home
He might have watched the shadows go and come :
And so through all this night of sore unrest
A deep home-yearning fills his saddened breast.

His wistful glance brings quickly to his side
 The watchful nurse; but with a soldier's pride
 He checks the falling tear, and whispers, "Tell
 The 'Boys' I send them all a kind farewell;
 Sit near and press your hand against my side;
 The night has seemed so long, and I have tried
 To bear the pain alone; but now I know
 My hour has come; and so before I go,

I want to give you this, for mother. Lift
 My head a little, there! This Christmas gift
 I lately carved for her — a crown, and cross
 With rosary. Oh, she will mourn my loss
 And weep for me, poor heart! For I am all
 She has on earth; yet at my country's call
 She bade me go!

The Christmas sun will rise
 For me no more. Beyond those star-lit skies
 My spirit soon shall speed its rapid way.
 You'll send the gift to mother, and you'll say
 How well I loved her? Had my furlough come,
 Could I have spent this night with her at home,
 How many loving words I would have said,
 Ah, loving words withheld, die with the dead!

But you will tell her this — she'll guess the rest,
 Oh, — could — I — lean — my — head — upon —
 her — breast —
 I'd — die — content. Ah, — now — I — see — a
 light!
 It — shines — for — me — it — marks — the —
 way, — good-night."

IDYLS FROM OVER THE SEA.



THE MYSTERY OF SPANISH ROCK.

Far, far away, 'neath skies of blue,
Beyond the genial Gulf Stream's flow,
Clad in a glory ever new,
And fringed with coral reefs of snow,
Bermuda's green hills rise to view,
Mid crystal waves that deep below
Hide growths of wondrous form and hue.

Her heights with goodly cedars crowned,
Stand dark against the azure skies,
As wave-caressed she sits rock-bound,
Above a hidden world that lies
Submerged in amber depths ; for there
Strange colonies in secret toil,
And deftly build with patient care
The snowy texture of the soil.

I see, or seem to see, to-day,
As once I saw in days of yore,
The jeweled waves of Grassy Bay
That flash along its smooth white shore.
Again with thee, O far-off friend,
Amid enchanted scenes I stroll,
Where azure skies above us bend,
And sapphire seas around us roll.

How grateful is the memory
Of those time-buried days of old,
When from a rose-wreathed jalousie,
We watched the tender buds unfold,
As o'er the land and o'er the sea
The sunshine fell in "fluid gold."

O Fairy-land! In fancy's flight,
The poet and the artist rise
To realms of beauty, Eden-bright,
Inspired 'neath thy deep-tinted skies.
For thee the sweetest warblers sing,
For thee the fairest flowers bloom,
And mid thy groves on gorgeous wing
Rare insects scent the rich perfume
Of nectared plants whose tendrils cling
Round stately palms that skyward loom.

I mind me of thy hedges crowned
With oleander bloom; thy thyme
And scarlet heath that wide around
Their fragrance shed and climb
To barren rocks, storm-bent and browned.

All these and more before me rise
In memory of that glad time
When 'neath thine iridescent skies
I shared thy glories in their prime.

How gayly o'er the purple reefs
Our cedar craft sped on its way,
As light and noiseless as a leaf's
Low rustle at the close of day ;
Our oarsmen, bronzed as those bold chiefs
Of whom they sang, in rounde-lay !

The sea was flecked with snowy sails,
And soft delicious breezes fanned
The rippling waves ; while balmy gales
Brought spicy odors from the land.

Each craft its pennons broad unfurled,
Light "dingey," yacht, and carvel gay ;
While dimpling eddies played and purled
Round shattered hulks that anchored lay
Where drifting sea-weeds swayed and swirled.
And stately steamships far away
Gave token of that outer world
Beyond the reefs where dashing spray
By wind and wave is tossed and whirled.

White sea-gulls skimmed, in tireless flight,
The glassy surface of the deep ;
And flying fish as swift as light
From out the sea would sudden leap,
Then downward vanish out of sight.

The Inner Reefs ! Name, ye who can,
The wonders of that world below,
Safe from the ruthless grasp of man,
Hid 'neath the ocean's restless flow,
Where waves the Gorgon's purple fan
Mid coral roses white as snow.

There angel fish in blue and gold
Flit near the surface, watchful, shy,
While cautious sea-hares, fearless, bold,
Sport in a cloud of crimson dye ;
And sea-anemones unfold
Like flowers beneath a summer sky !

Strange forms of sponge-life, slimy, brown,
Mid branching sea-rods feebly sway
Where clumsy gherkins, fathoms down,
Creep lazily in quest of prey ;
And sea-wreaths, torn from Neptune's crown,
Float jeweled with the crystal spray.

Sea-urchins ply their purple spines,
Pearl-hued physalæ buoyant float,
The feather-star its tendril twines
Around the jelly's toppling boat,
And like a changing opal shines
The dolphin's iridescent coat.

Too soon that day the ebbing tide
Its warning to our oarsmen gave ;
In vain their haste we sought to chide,
Their dripping oars along the wave
With rapid strokes they ceaseless plied.

And as our swiftly flying craft
Danced gayly in the freshening breeze,
With wistful eyes we gazed abaft,
And bade farewell to reef-set seas.

How like the tale by Sagas told,
How like the myths the Eddas teach,
The scenes we marked when last we strolled
Along the "South Shore's" sandy beach
That shone a band of burnished gold!
To seaward lay an endless reach
Of curling waves; while frowning, bold,
To landward, rose the Spanish Rock;
And far above its rugged height
Like mottled clouds there hung a flock
Of graceful boatswains poised in flight,

Mid flowering shrub and bearded sedge,
White coral cottages were seen;
And browsing on a shelving ledge
Some tethered goats stretched forth to glean
The trailing crab-grass at its edge.

We clambered up the wooded steep,
Past calabash and spreading palm,—
Below, the moaning, surging deep,
Above, the sweet and restful calm
Of azure skies. Our tangled way,
As on we rose from height to height,
Through beds of fragrant fennel lay,
And sweet alyssum, snowy white.

At last we reached the Pirate's Cave,
Camelo's cross, Camelo's name,
Long washed by pelting storm and wave,
Had vanished, like Camelo's fame !
And where the robbers of the sea
Had buried once their lawless spoil,
The shell-flower scattered lavishly
Its blossoms o'er the sterile soil.

Within the cave our torches gleamed
With lurid glare. Stalactites hung
From vaulted roofs, deep-carved and seamed ;
And over all our brush-lights flung
A glare so weird that much it seemed
A fairy tale in legends sung.

Then suddenly upon the ear
Sweet strains of music faint and low,
Came floating from afar. As near,
Still nearer drew the sound a glow
Of amber light flushed all the drear
Deep-shadowed space and then a flow
Of melody came sweet and clear, —
A plaintive song of hidden woe.

SONG.

There are some thoughts we may not speak,
Down deep they lie within the soul,
As shadows 'neath the waters sleep,
But never to the surface roll.

There are some thoughts we cannot speak,
In vain we seek to call them forth,
For strongest words are still so weak
That language seems of little worth.

There are some thoughts we dare not speak,
Dark o'er the heart their shades are cast ;
Some bitter mem'ries which we keep
Sealed, sacred to the silent past.

There are some thoughts which could we speak,
What canker-spots would leave the brain !
A few brief words in whispers weak,
Might bring life's sunshine back again.

Nay, ask it not — the palsied tongue
Refuses now to act its part ;
Live on, a few more days agone,
And palsied too shall be the heart.

* * * * *

Charmed as by some weird, mystic spell,
We stood in breathless wonder there.
Was it the song of Ariel
That floated on the cave-pent air ?
The dainty, tricky Ariel,
The cloven pine-imprisoned sprite,
That couched within a "cowslip's bell,"
And on a bat's wing floated light !

Did Prospero with magic skill
Still rouse the furies of the deep,
And "'twixt the sea and sky," at will
Bid tempests rise and fiercely sweep

The hollow waves? Did Caliban,
 The "freckled whelp" of Sycorax,
 His deeds of darkness subtly plan
 And all his powers of evil tax
 To wreak his wrath on helpless man?

Again arose a trembling strain,
 Half song, half plaint; then broken, low,
 Came whispered sounds of soul-pent pain
 And smothered sighs and sobs of woe.

SONG.

Through daisy-starred meadows,
 'Mid sunbeams and shadows,
 A youth and a maid trip along;
 While over and over
 The fresh, nodding clover,
 The flattering bee hums his song.

With step light and airy,
 This blithe meadow fairy
 Speeds on with her knight true and strong;
 While over and over
 The deep, blushing clover,
 The light, fickle bee hums his song.

With heart fondly beating,
 She smiles back his greeting,
 Ne'er dreaming of falsehood or wrong;
 While over and over
 The sweet, fragrant clover,
 The sly, greedy bee hums his song.

Alone in the meadow,
Like some ghostly shadow,
A sad, tearful maid glides along ;
While over and over
The pale, drooping clover
Now seldom the bee hums his song.

Heart-weary with weeping,
At last she lies sleeping,
Unmindful of sorrow or wrong ;
While over and over
The dead, scentless clover
No longer the bee hums his song.

* * * * *

The wailing song was hushed. Again
With gleaming torch we swiftly sped
In eager quest. But all in vain ;
Throughout the dismal space a dread
And solemn silence seemed to reign.

With eager steps we hurried on
Past crystal lakes that tranquil lay
Like mimic seas ; while dimly shone
Our dying torch-light o'er the way.
But fruitless was the search. No trace
Of syren, sea-nymph, ghoul or sprite,
Appeared within the haunted place
To thrill the heart with sudden fright.

“Ho ! Fair Miranda, where, oh where
Art thou concealed ? ” we loudly cried.
But Echo, daughter of the Air,
In mocking tones alone replied.

Then as we groping still pursued
The mystic singer, we descried
An open space where roughly hewed,
Rude steps led to the world outside.
And mounting up the coral stair
That led into the outer world,
We breathed once more the balmy air
That swept the sea and softly curled
Its shining waves, while here and there
Danced graceful yachts with sails unfurled.

From steep and crag, green lichens hung,
And mottled all the barren ledge,
And tastefully the life-plant flung
Her drooping blossoms o'er its edge ;
And golden star-flowers gleamed among
The feathery fern and tufted sedge.
Along the Rock's broad base we strayed
Until we reached the seaward side.
There, 'neath a Pride-of-India's shade,
We sat and watched the creeping tide ;
When lo, above the moaning sea,
There rose again the liquid swell
Of that wild, plaintive melody
That echoed through each caverned cell.

SONG.

Thalatta ! Thalatta ! I love thee, O sea,
And on thy white waves I am longing to be ;
All hail to the spirit, wild, daring and free,
That fears not thy billows, thou turbulent sea.

Thalatta! Thalatta! beneath thy cold wave,
Lies hidden full many a mariner's grave;
Nor treasure, nor jewel, his strong arm could save,
The sea-nymph hath borne them away to her cave.

Thalatta! Thalatta! thy white, foamy crest
No terror awakens within my torn breast;
What matter it if I but peacefully rest?
Ah, sad heart, be patient, thy God knoweth best.

* * * * *

With knitted brows we eager peered
Through hidden path and open glade;
Distrustful that a scene so weird,
By some sly conjurer was played.
When lo, upon a beetling height
That overhung the wave-washed beach,
A woman's form in dazzling white,
A moment stood and scanned the reach
Of rolling surf; then swift as light
She downward leaped! A splash — a screech
Like some scared sea-bird in its flight,
And 'mid the wild and foamy breach
Of maddened waves she sank from sight.

* * * * *

Ah, years may speed in noiseless flight,
And dreams may oft my senses mock;
But ever vivid, ever bright,
As memory shall her stores unlock,
Will stand before my cloudless sight
That Phantom of the Spanish Rock.

AT THE GRAVE OF ALBRECHT DURER.

"Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies."

Henry W. Longfellow.

Old Nuremberg! I stand before its towers and
castles strong,

And think of him who wove its scenes into his
matchless song;

I see the Schöne Brunnen's spray in pearly cloudlets
rise,

And note the quaint old gabled roof, high pointing
to the skies.

I mark its churches richly carved, its statues and
its shrines,

And stroll along the bridge-linked banks through
which the Pegnitz winds:

While crumbling towers and castled crags and
wooded walks and ways

Seem shrouded in the twilight mist of mediæval
days.

Now past tiled roof, past oriel, past rough and
rugged steep,

Toward the churchyard of St. John, my onward
course I keep,

Unchallenged by Krafft's sentinels, stern, silent,
cold, and still,

That stand, the stately witnesses of genius, toil,
and skill:

And where the sumach's crimson fruit and painted
leaves abound,

I mark the print of pilgrim feet that tread this
hallowed ground.

Here pausing, where the sunbeams fall upon an
ancient stone,

I read a name that Nuremberg hails proudly as her
own;

A name that bears a royal sound to every loving
heart,

That Rome and Prague and Bruges boast in
treasured gems of art.

And "Emigravit," dimly carved below the name, I
see,

Of him who won the fadeless wreath of immortality.

Ah, prince of artists, death to thee brought life's
eternal dawn.

Thy hand forgot its cunning near four hundred
years ago;

And yet thou livest, triple-crowned by Fame's
undying hand,

The poet, painter, sculptor of thine honored father-
land.

NUREMBERG, August 13, 1890.

IN THE BINNENHOF.

I stand within the Binnenhof, and think of that
dread day

When John of Barneveldt stood here, one early
morn in May;

The white swans floated tranquilly upon the silver
 sheen
 Of crystal lakes, and beechen groves put on their
 newest green ;
 Sweet-throated warblers 'mong the trees were flit-
 ting here and there,
 While bursts of gushing melody rang out upon the
 air.

I see the aged Advocate as bowed with grief he
 stands
 And leaning on his staff he clasps his thin and
 feeble hands.
 "O God," he cries, "for all my toil is this my
 hapless fate,
 Is this the meed of forty years of service for the
 state?"

The sword is sharp, its edge is keen, but what is so
 imbued
 With an eternal, deathless sting as base ingrati-
 tude?
 The friend of Orange, of the State, of Equity and
 Right,
 Must he be martyred to appease rank jealousy and
 spite?
 He bows his head, "Be quick," he cries, — then
 falls the fatal sword,
 Thus perished John of Barneveldt — Knight, Advo-
 cate and Lord ;
 But when that headless trunk was raised and
 placed upon its bier
 Methinks that Justice blushed for shame and Mercy
 dropped a tear.

IMPROMPTU.

(On seeing a cat resting on one of the exquisitely carved corbels in Melrose Abbey.)

Most favored Felis, on thy stony bed
Of rarest sculpture thou art free to lie ;
Free, through these cloisters old, with stealthy
tread

To wend thy way, and none thy track will spy,
To bore thine ear with oft-repeated tale
Of "flowing tracery" or "chiseled Kale."

I envy thee thy freedom, wily beast,
The freedom of such solitude profound ;
But well I know that veneration, least
Of all thy graces, to this hallowed ground
Hath ne'er enticed thee ; nay, thy greed hath said,
"A living rat out-weighs a monarch dead."

No line elegiac charms thy wary glance ;
No clustered column of monastic skill
Allures thine eye. With cautious look askance
Through nave and transept thou dost roam at
will ;

Yon quaintly carved angelic choir of stone
As moved as thou, sly fiend of flesh and bone !

Past decorative details, cap and pier,
Thou glidest on, unmindful of the use
Of that odd sentiment that drops a tear
Above the stone that hides the heart of Bruce ;
Nor wind-dirge from the distant Eildon hills,
Nor moaning Tweed, thy savage nature thrills.

Soft waves of moonlight through the "oriel" creep,
 And fall upon the mystic Wizard's urn ;
 I hear a ghastly step, a sudden leap —
 And then with startled haste I trembling turn
 To see thee seize a hapless creature there
 And fiercely crush it for thine evening fare !

But why upbraid thee for thy cruel bent,
 Marauding brute, since men, with nobler sense,
 To bloody warfare all their valor lent
 To win, alas ! the grave's poor recompense ?
 So, prowling victor, still thy franchise keep
 To haunt the tombs where greater victors sleep.

BETWEEN THE LAKES.

Fair Interlachen ! What a rhythmic sound
 Flows through the name ! With lofty peaks snow-
 crowned,
 She sits between Brienz and Thun, a Queen.
 Her heights are ermine-tipped ; her valleys, green
 With velvet verdure ; and her hill-sides set
 With picturesque chalets. A fleecy net,
 Rose-tinted, in the Alpine sunset's glow,
 Half hides the Jung Frau's dazzling cap of snow,
 As, like a scene 'neath Titian's opal skies,
 Fair Interlachen in the twilight lies !

But fairer still at early flush of morn
 When rings the echo of the Alpine horn
 From peak to peak her beauties lie outspread.
 Bright in the sunlight gleams the silver thread

Of mountain streams that rush in swift cascades
And flash mid jagged cliffs and forest glades
To join the winding current of the Aar
That in its emerald beauty shines afar.

Go where the misty Staubach's torrent flows,
Seek Lauterbrunnen's dreamy, calm repose ;
Ascend the Schreckhorn's summit clad in snow
That guards the glacial Grindenwald below ;
Mark where the turbid Lütschine hissing leaps
Its rocky barriers, or, silent, creeps
Along the flowery vale at last to hide
In Lake Brienz its troubled, restless tide ;
But mid the glories of each wonderous scene,
Still Interlachen reigns the Alpine Queen !

NULLI SECUNDUS.

(In the National Gallery — London.)

Hear what Ruskin says of Turner : —
Are men measured by men's praise ?
Then was he the sole discerner
Of shy Nature's hidden ways.

His deft hand alone could fashion
Azure seas and skies of gold ;
He alone possessed the passion
That could clasp fair Nature's mold.

He could paint the tree, the mountain,
Rugged rock and wave-worn stone ;
He could form the living fountain
Subtle-hued and rare in tone.

He could paint the plunge and tumble,
 Splashing foam and spring and leap
 Of the wild cascade. — The humble
 Rill could picture hidden deep

Within the dell ; and the meadows
 Where the sunbeams coyly play
 In and out among the shadows,
 His swift pencil could portray.

So, with Ruskin, we enchanted
 View the scenes by Turner wrought,
 While each flower his hand hath planted
 Wakes a deep and tender thought.

A MYTH OF THE RHINE.

High rises the Siebengebirge,
 Dark-clad with the rich, purple vine,
 Its seven heads resting in cloud-land,
 Its foot dipping down to the Rhine.

And here, where the Drachenfels' ruins
 Sit frowning and gloomy and cold,
 Bold Siegfried beheaded the Dragon
 That guarded its ill-gotten gold ;

The gold that the gods, Loke and Odin,
 Had seized from the Dwarf of the Sea,
 And given in ransom to Hreidmar,
 That they from his bonds might be free.

Then, (trusting the Songs of the Eddas,
That herald the Norse hero's fame,)
Wild Fafner slew Hreidmar, his father,
And then a sea-monster became !

A poison-tongued, venomous Dragon,
The terror of gods and of men,
That none but the Champion Siegfried
Dared beard in his cavernous den.

And down to this day there's a legend
That oft in the moonlight there glides
A monster with jaws wide-distended,
Adown the steep Drachenfels' sides,

To sport in the dark Rhenish waters ;
And all (who have seen it) declare
It must be the shade of the Dragon
That Siegfried destroyed in its lair !

COLOGNE, August 21, 1890.

MUNICH.

Now halt we here in München, ancient town,
That like a wrinkled dame, in modern gown,
Smooths out her ample folds, and, smiling down,
Says "Now behold me !"

But like the town-aspiring country lout,
Whose dearth of city breeding will crop out,
So here, the Alt and Neu are linked with doubt,
They've always told me.

Here Klenze, Gartner and Cornelius wrought,
Here Kaulbach, Schnorr and Rottman truly caught
The spirit of the Master-Artist's thought —

And mark how real
Schwanthaler's Painters stand in proud array !
Thus wheresoe'er the tourist's feet may stray,
Artistic handicraft adorns his way
In grand ideal.

Behold the Ruhmeshalle — Hall of Fame !
The Pinakothek — softly speak the name,
For Burgher critics will your accent blame
Howe'er you prize it.

The Alte Residenz, the Königsbau,
The frescoed Kirché of Die liebe Frau —
Oh, that some Teuton born would teach us how
To gutturize it !

Ah, ye who sprechen Deutch, ye little reck
The strain on lingua fraenum, held in check,
When all the glories of the Glyptothek

You view with wonder ;
And as you through the Ludwigskirche stroll
And face the " Day of Judgment," how the soul
In native gutt'ral growl can paint the roll
Of frescoed thunder !

Here Beauharnais bestowed rich gifts of art,
Aegina's Marbles, too, here form a part
Of that vast, treasured wealth that thrills the heart
Of Kerl and Kaiser ;

And thus, the Present, Past, the Old and New
Alike inspire the soul, and charm the view,
As we, in wonder lost, our way pursue
Along the Isar.

THE ARMINIAN CHEST.

Models of the "Old Arminian Chest," in which Hugo Grotius escaped, are shown at The Hague, and the legend is here understood and appreciated by all classes.

Where the Yssel, the Waal, and the Meuse sea-
ward flow,
Now pellucid and fleet, now dark, turbid, and slow;
Where the perfumes of orchards like incense arise,
And the green hills of Gelderland point to the
skies;
Here, securely intrenched by the triple-armed
Rhine,
Stands that frowning old fortress, the strong
Loevenstein.

Double-walled, double-fossed, iron-bolted, and
barred,
Where the dark, swelling waves keep their fierce,
restless guard,
See its turrets, its ramparts, its parapets stand,
Overlooking the valleys of fair Gelderland.
Thus it rises defiant, time-battered and bare,
And who crosses its draw-bridge strikes hands with
despair.

With despair, did I say? Nay, the grand human
will

And the deep love of freedom surmounts every ill;
And the bars of the Loevenstein fortress are light
When the soul of a Grotius seeks freedom and
flight!

'Tis a morning in March, near three centuries gone,
Wild the winds howl without, swift the tempest
comes on.

Hugo Grotius, thine hour of deliv'rance is near,
Now bestir thee with haste, bid defiance to fear;
For the skippers are waiting thy body to bear
In its improvised coffin to old Gorcum Fair!

Ah, thy good wife was never so faithful as now;
What a smile wreathes her lips, what a joy crowns
her brow.

What a flutter 'twixt terror and hope fills her breast,
As she locks thee within the Arminian chest!
Aye, she kisses the lock of thine improvised tomb,
For should fortune forsake thee, then sealed is thy
doom.

'Tis a perilous voyage, where tempest and wave
Are the sextons that hollow a billowy grave;
And the fury-lashed Waal rears a white foamy
crest

That now threatens to engulf the Arminian chest.
Pent up, smothered, and sea-tossed, oh, terror-
struck soul,
Be thou patient, the skippers are nearing their goal.

It is reached, thou art rescued, the arm of the
Rhine
Hath upborne thee and freed thee from stern
Loevenstein!

Written at THE HAGUE, August 22, 1889.

THE JUDENSTRASSE.

As we stroll along the "Jews' Quarters," I am reminded of poor Heine. Within this gloomy precinct, he, with his wretched Hebrew brethren, was compelled to be locked — like veritable criminals, on every Sabbath that he chanced to set foot in the ancient, imperial city.

Within these squalid "Quarters of the Jews,"
As though he were a culprit, close confined,
Young Heine, like an exile, wept and pined.
Here he invoked his tearful, pensive Muse,
And wove poetic garlands whose bright hues
No hint betrayed of that defiant soul
That spurned the bonds that held it in control.
Ah, Christian zeal, whene'er thou dost abuse
Thine high prerogative, till years on years
Are fled, thy cruel wounds shall leave a scar!
Sad Hebrew faces, channeled deep with tears,
Long-waiting, watched for that slow-rising star
That now full-orbed, resplendently appears
The herald of the day-dawn, seen afar.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, August 18, 1890.

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY.

Along the rugged mountain-side we wind
 Our way toward the clouds. At every turn
 New wonders greet us as we leave behind
 Ravine and gorge, wherein we faint discern
 Swift, foamy, white cascades that leap to find
 The vale below clad in green moss and fern.

Our onward, upward course is marked by shrines
 That pious hands have set along the way ;
 And from the Kofel Crag there brightly shines
 A beacon light, — the sun's reflected ray ;
 While mingling with the clouds we mark the lines
 Of snow that rest above the summits gray.

Past Ettal's Cloister rich in relics old,
 Past the unique, palatial chalet
 Of Marquis Bute, past cliff and crag and bold
 O'er-hanging precipice, we hold our way
 To where the fir-clad Tyrols close infold
 A little hamlet. Here, at close of day,

Behold, (our up-ward, cloud-ward journey done)
 Fair Oberammergau's green vale displayed,
 Where we shall see before to-morrow's sun
 Hath set sad, fearful Tragedy portrayed, —
 The Crucifixion of the Sinless One,
 On whom the guilt of all the world was laid !

Meanwhile, as through the town we wend our way,
 The placid Ammer's current we descry,

And pass some low-built cottages. Here, gay
With cap, and sash, and plume, go strolling by
The village peasants, as in groups they stray
In happy leisure 'neath the twilight sky.

No stately edifice with spacious halls,
Is here to greet our splendor-loving eyes,
Nor velvet tapestries, nor frescoed walls ;
No lofty columns, richly sculptured, rise.
But in the peasant's word of welcome falls
A restful benediction from the skies.

Perchance we lodge beneath the roof of one
Who sits a Ruler in the Sacred Play ;
A Herod, Pilate, Annas, or the son
Of Simon may our footsteps stay
And bid us welcome. All is kindly done
As when a friend meets friend along life's way.

Two hundred years and more have sped away
Since here the Tyrol peasants earnest prayed
That God the fearful pestilence would stay
Which had their homes well nigh in ruins laid ;
The plea was heard and from that faith-crowned day
They've kept their pledge to hallow each decade.

Hark ! On the Sabbath stillness breaks the sound
Of early signal guns. O'er hill and plain
The startling summons echoes far around ;
And now there wends an eager, surging train,
Wherein true pilgrims from all lands are found,
To see the Son of Man betrayed and slain !

We gather here a vast expectant throng :
 On either side dark fir-clad hills arise :
 Below, the crystal Ammer winds along,
 And like a pictured scene the landscape lies ;
 And as we silent sit a burst of song
 Ascends in praise to Him who rules the skies.

It is the opening prologue ; and behold
 The rich-robed Chorus pass upon the stage !
 They cease, and then in tableau we are told
 The story of that strange, primeval age
 When through fair Eden trailed the serpent's fold,
 And wrought such woe as time can ne'er assuage.

The Adoration of the Cross appears
 In tableau next ; and then upon the stage
 A throng of peasants rush with song and cheer
 And loud hosanna. Youth and hoary age,
 And lisping childhood shout till far and near
 Glad songs of praise their hearts and tongues
 engage.

For see ! The Christ, upon an ass's foal
 Led by His Loved Disciple, now doth ride
 Into Jerusalem. — The Prophet's scroll
 Hath plain fore-shown the scene. Close to his
 side
 Are pressed His chosen few. — Ah, kingly soul,
 Thy noble mien bespeaks Thy lofty Tribe !

With waving palms they hail Him, Prophet, King,
 As he alights and through the Temple strides ;

He marks the money-changers, hears the ring
Of filthy lucre, and indignant, chides
The traders who unto the Temple bring
Their wrangling traffic where God's peace abides.

With lash in hand He drives them from the place,
And spurns the Priests who glare with angry
eyes
In helpless wrath upon His holy face ;
Then, as the doves, released, speed to the skies,
So to the Great Sanhedrim, hurried pace
The baffled Priests, while threats of vengeance
rise.

The song and tableau now such scenes portray
As those fore-casting the Messiah's fate ;
As Jacob's sons, their brother, seek to slay,
So while the fierce Sanhedrim sit in state,
They plan the deed that crowns the Sacred Play ;
For blood alone can quench their vengeful hate.

Again is sung in deftly woven verse
The coming scene : and tableaux then disclose
The prophecies that ancient scrolls rehearse.
Tobias from his weeping mother goes,
Fore-shadowing the ills of that deep curse
Pronounced on Innocence by plotting foes.

The parting hour at Bethany ! Ah years
On years may roll but vivid still will rise
That scene of woe. — Fast fall our blinding tears
As that sad mother, bowed, with streaming eyes,

In anguish pleads her love, her grief, her fears,
 In tones that seem to reach the vaulted skies.

* * * * *

Now Vashti kneels before her irate king,
 While Esther, proudly clad in robes of state
 Ascends the throne, graced with the royal ring.
 Thus fair Jerusalem's unhappy fate
 Is typified. — Now haste thee, Judas, bring
 Thy treason to an end, nor doubting, wait.

But ere the Feast of Passover is spread,
 Lo, from the Promised Land, the faithful spies
 Return, through fertile fields divinely led,
 And bear rich clustered fruit of fabled size ;
 While Israel's wandering hosts are fed
 With snowy manna falling from the skies.

As sits the master with His chosen band
 Of faithful followers, He humbly kneels
 To wash their feet ; and at His mild command
 They tearfully submit. Then from His hand
 The bread and wine they take while softly steals
 The sound of music from a seraph band.

The Traders and Iscariot have met
 To bargain for the blood of Christ the Lord.
 He pleads his empty purse, the price is set,
 And quickly he receives his base reward ;
 Well pleased he hugs the prize with muttered
 threat,
 He who so lately shared His Master's board !

But 'mid the fierce Sanhedrim's loud debate,
Two aged Rulers rise and plead the cause
Of Him on Whom such deep and deadly hate
Hath fallen. — "How hath he transgressed the
laws?"

They ask. But naught can stay or change His
fate,

His death must be accomplished ere they pause.

Both Choir and Tableau now the scenes fore-show
Of sad Gethsemane. — False Joab's sin,
And Adam bending 'neath his weight of woe,
Prepare the tragedy. Wild breaks the din
Of eager voices while above, below,
Weird echoes answer from the rocks within.

The Garden of Gethsemane! Alone!

Ah, stricken heart, hast ever felt the woe
Of utter loneliness? Hast ever known
A grief that none may share? — Here, kneeling
low,

He cries aloud in soul-exalting tone,

"If Thou hast willed it, Father be it so."

The fatal hour has come. He is betrayed;

Iscariot his stealthy kiss bestows;

But see! With patient grace and undismayed,

He meets their spiteful thrusts and cruel blows;
While His disciples, trembling, and afraid,
Depart and leave Him to His ruthless foes.

To Annas first they bring Him strongly bound,

And then to Caiaphas before the day

Hath dawned ; while in the darkness gather round
The witnesses that swear His life away ;
And when pretense of judgment they have found,
Before stern Pilate next their cause they lay.

Meanwhile, remorseful Judas is fore-shown
In tableau, painting Cain's despairing woe.
And soon, with haggard mien, and frenzied tone,
In deep repentance, he resolves to go
And plead for Him who stands condemned alone,
Well guarded by the stern, relentless foe.

Remorse ! remorse ! Ah, how can words portray
The agony that robs his soul of rest ?
In vain he pleads, in vain he seeks to stay
The awful sentence. — Tearing from his breast
The blood-bought purse, he hurls it swift away,
And rushes forth with frenzy's rage possessed.

Behold another, who with craven fear
His Lord and Master steadily denies !
But when the cock, the signal, loud and clear
Hath given thrice, then bitterly he cries,
"I have denied Thee, O my Master, dear,"
And pleads for pardon, with tear-blinded eyes.

Sore troubled is the Roman Ruler now,
That they the Nazarene to him should bring.
He marks His stately mien, His noble brow,
And questions, "Dost Thou call Thyself a King ?"
With fearless eye the Master answers, "Thou
Hast said it ; yet I seek in everything

To testify unto the truth." — Replies

Proud Pilate, "What is truth?" — Then from
his wife

Comes Claudius and to his master flies

With her swift message. "Spare this just man's
life."

With glad assent he bids the Rabbies rise

And speed to Herod with their lawless strife

With tenfold wrath their victim they deride,

And fell him to the earth with brutal blows. —

Thus Samson mocked and fettered is descried

In tableau ; while his terror-stricken foes

Seek vainly from impending doom to hide, —

A fitting symbol of the Drama's close !

Bound like a felon stands the Holy One,

Before the royal Herod, doomed to die.

The haughty monarch asks, "What hath He done ?

What evil hath He wrought ?" — They make
reply,

"He hath by magic all the people won,

And claimeth to be crowned of God on High."

But Herod in derision bids them place

A robe of white upon Him in mock jest,

And sends them back to Pilate with due grace

And compliment that he will judge Him best ;

With savage shout the mob their way retrace,

While deepest hatred rules each fiendish breast.

In tableau Joseph's blood-stained coat is brought

And laid before old Jacob's tear-dimmed eyes ;

And in the thicket the mute lamb is caught
 For Abraham's devoted sacrifice :
 And now the rabble satisfied with naught
 But blood with shouts of vengeance rend the
 skies.

But Pilate minds them of their Custom's claim .
 To free a felon ere the Paschal day ;
 In quick response they fiercely shout the name
 Of vile Barabbas and without delay
 The wretch is brought with cheek untouched by
 shame
 To claim the homage which the rabble pay.

With bitter spite the thorny crown they press
 Upon his bleeding brow ; within His hand
 The mimic sceptre place ; the purple dress
 Of royalty they bring and then confess
 In mocking tones, their King, and jeering stand
 And taunt Him with His human helplessness.

Then Pilate yielding to their fierce demands,
 Proclaims at last, "The Nazarene must die."
 But calls aloud for water that his hands
 Before them he may cleanse. "The crimson dye
 Of guiltless blood be yours," he says and stands
 Himself condemned by purer Courts on High !

Once more with vivid truth are typified
 The fearful scenes that mark the tragic close,
 As toiling slowly up Moriah's side,
 The patient Isaac with his burden goes ;
 While raised on high the gleaming, brazen hide
 Of Israel's serpent in the sunshine glows.

Toward Golgotha now, He journeys slow,
Beneath His heavy cross, till on the way
He fainting falls ; but with harsh threat and blow
They urge Him on, for naught their haste can
stay,
As thirsting for His blood they eager go
Toward the Hill of Death without delay.

But as He staggers forward, faint and weak,
In meek submission, and with patient mien,
Upon the air there falls a piercing shriek ;
Lo, Mary with the faithful Magdalene
And John discover now Him whom they seek,
And cry, " It is the Holy Nazarene ! "

Then Simon takes the heavy cross and bears
It for his Master while the women, near,
Support the weeping mother. Thus each shares
A two-fold burden. But no shrinking fear
The sad, soul-speaking face of Jesus wears,
As tenderly he whispers words of cheer.

His hour is come ! Ah, how the mother pales
With agony as loud the strokes resound
That drive through feet and palms the cruel nails
That hold Him to the cross. Then from the
ground
They raise Him 'tween the thieves. — All effort
fails
To paint the horrors that the scene surround !

Now as the Holy Records hath foretold,
They part His raiment and the spoils divide ;

And then His seamless vest they grudging hold,
 And casting lots with laugh and jest deride
 The Nazarene as they their trophies fold
 And lightly toss the rattling dice aside.

Now sad and plaintive comes the felon's cry,
 "Remember me in pity, Lord, I pray."
 And Jesus, gazing on him, makes reply,
 "Behold in Paradise this very day
 Thou shalt with me abide." His foes draw nigh,
 And seek in scornful ire His speech to stay.

Below the cross stands Mary; moans and sighs
 Break from her bursting heart. Then unto John,
 "Behold thy mother, son," He earnest cries,
 And unto Mary calls, "Behold thy son."
 And Mary, moved with grateful love, replies,
 "In death, Thou car'st for me, O Blessed One!"

"I thirst," He murmurs now in accents low,
 At this the bitter draught they bid him take;
 He turns away and breathes a prayer of woe;
 Then, "It is finished," cries, — The mountains
 quake,
 Deep thunder rolls, the skies with lightning glow,
 And rocks and hills as if with terror shake!

Anon, with lifted spear they pierce His side,
 And they who witness shudder as they see
 The gaping wound that pours its crimson tide.
 Then Pilate's messenger comes hurriedly
 With gracious leave that Joseph may provide
 Fit sepulture for Him of Galilee.

Down from the cross with careful, loving hands
They take their bleeding Lord and tenderly
They wrap his mangled form with snowy bands
Of finest linen. Gazing tearfully
Meanwhile upon His face, each mourner stands,
Then bear Him to His mother reverently.

We see Him lifeless on His mother's breast,
While at her feet is laid the thorny crown :
We see Him borne to His rock-cave of rest ;
We see the terror-stricken guard fall down,
And see them haste with sudden fear possessed,
The tidings to proclaim throughout the town.

A final tableau crowns the Sacred Play.
The Nazarene ascends in robes of white,
While weeping friends in adoration pray,
And gaze with up-turned eyes where seraphs
bright
Cloud-veiled descend and beckon Him away.
Thus fades the Risen Lord from mortal sight !

Awe-stricken, thoughtful, mute, we turn away ;
With speechless rapture every voice is stilled.
A doubting world renews its faith to-day.
He lives ! He lives ! the scripture is fulfilled.
"Peace unto you," we hear the Master say,
And every fainting heart with hope is thrilled.

Forever on the Crystal Ammer flows,
Forever on through flowery mead and dale ;

Soft sunsets fade amid eternal snows,
 And rising sunbeams purple hill and vale ;
And as time marks each rounded decade's close
 New voices shall take up the Wondrous Tale.

*POEMS WRITTEN
FOR OCCASIONS.*



THE YEARS.

(Written on the Tenth Alumni Anniversary, for the class of '78, Academic Department, Gloversville Union School.)

'Tis an old-fashioned theme that from earliest time
Has been rhymed into measure, and measured in
rhyme,

Has been sung by our poets in deep, thrilling
strains,

And has shaken orations from orator's brains.

In the drama of Life on the world's busy stage,
Where seven brief acts mark the length of an age,
In all scenes, in all acts of this popular play
Hasty exits and entrées go on, day by day ;

But like all well-planned dramas, not one has a
voice

His entrée or his exit to hasten by choice ; —
First, the pink, mewling infant most pitiaibly frail,
Then the dull, whining school-boy, who creeps like
a snail

With his book-strap or satchel to meet the stern
face

Of a sage who knows well how to quicken his pace ;
Then the lover whose breast is a furnace of flame,
And who sighs at the sound of Dulcinea's name ;

Next the glory-crowned soldier with knap-sack and sword ;

Then the Constable Dogberry, proud as a lord ;
Now a Lear, robbed of majesty, slippered and lean,
With a thin treble voice and a wild, haggard mien ;

And last, he who out-beggars the imbecile king,
“ Sans teeth, taste, and eyes, yea, sans everything.”
But no matter how tasteless, how irksome his art,
From beginning to end each must carry his part.

One far wiser than I hath affirmed that the wealth
Of a man or a woman consists not in health ;
Consists not in portion, in station nor power,
But that poverty comes with the loss of each hour ;

And that he is the Cræsus who stands in his prime,
While no soul is so poor as the bankrupt in time
As he sadly, like Ossian, cries out through his
tears,

“ Whence comes it, where goes it, this swift stream
of years ? ”

You behold in her carriage, my lady of state,
Her coachman, her footman, obsequiously wait,
Each alert to obey the least hint of command,
For she governs her realm with a wave of her hand.

But that hand, diamond flashing, is shriveled and
thin,

With its knuckles bulged out and its muscles
caved in,

And you spy, 'neath her trappings of jewels and
gold,

That in spite of all gilding, the woman is old.

And that pompous old banker with gold-headed
cane,
Is regarded with awe by a scrub in the lane
Who presides o'er a bank, shoveled out of moist
clay,
But he would not exchange with that banker to-day.

He has muscle and sinew, he stands in his prime,
And his debits are small in the bank-book of time;
He has hopes which no ghost of the past may disarm,

For the glamour of youth sheds a magical charm!—

Was old Ponce de Leon vain, dapper and bold,
The only gallant who to dodge growing old,
Breasted billows and breakers, all danger, in truth,
To discover a spring of perennial youth?

Honest friends, there are thousands, at this very
day,

Who are seeking this spring,—by a different way.
But they're seeking a myth, in a region unknown,
Bubbling up very near the “philosopher's stone.”

When the grinders grow sparse, and the eyes
dimly squint,

When each facial contour bears the strong fossil
print

Of a crow's spreading foot, and the deep furrowed
brow

Hints that youth's brightest blossoms are under
the plough;

When a few straggling locks on the shining bald
head
Are arranged like a pall o'er the face of the dead ;
When both muscle and sinew dry down to the
bone,
And one stands like a mullein-stalk, shivering
alone ;

Then what mystical fountain, what marvelous
power
Can bring back vitality's God-given dower ?
Or what powder, pomatum, what foul drug of sin
Make the blush from without shame the blush
from within ?

Oh, fair queen of all hearts, when the magical
spell
Of your beauty is lost, try to say "It is well."
You may hug that deep secret, — the date of your
birth,
But chronologists flourish all over the earth ;

And they'll point to the records, they'll order a
search
Of your family Bible, your christ'ning at church,
And they'll prove past denial, by honest zeal fired,
That your juvenile lease has already expired.

You may mourn your gray hairs, those white guests
of the years,
But they'll come though you greet them with fast
falling tears.

You may dote on the foretop your fancy has
nursed,
But some sharp eye will ken that your switch was
born first ;

Turn your back to the mirror, your face to the
wall,
And the head of the Ostrich is hidden, that's all ;
For like that dainty fern that we gather with care,
There is naught that out-rivals the real Maiden-
Hair ! —

And ye lords of creation, don't tell it aloud,
But there's many a Turveydrop, ancient and proud,
Who has fought with rheumatics and wrestled with
gout,
Who has built himself in and has built himself out ;

While the grey spears that mottle his brindled
mustache
He has tweezered and twitched in a manner so
rash,
That his mal-treated lip, imperceptibly fringed,
Looks much like a picked fowl just about to be
singed.

His white porcelain smile, edged with pink vulcan-
ite,
Would suggest a condition of chronic delight ;
But you smile through a tear at his light, frothy
glee,
And his feeble attempts at a sharp repartee ;

And the faded coquette who encounters his leer,
Whispers low to her fan, "Oh, but isn't he queer?"
For, in spite of his mirth and his frolicsome airs,
It is plain to perceive that he's mostly repairs.

When the fair apple-blossoms, pink-petaled and
sweet,
Fill the air with their fragrance, then fall at our
feet,

We rejoice in the fruitage, ripe, golden, and rare,
Nor bewail the lost blossoms that scented the air.

Then why this repining, this wail of despair,
This affright at beholding the ghost of a hair,
This strange terror of wrinkles, this fear lest
some tongue

Spread the awful report that you're no longer
young?

Has the past been so vacant, so wasted the years,
That no rainbow of Hope shimmers up through
your tears?

Have you sought only vanity under the sun,
Is the wide world no better for what you have
done?

To the out-cast, the fallen that crept to your door,
Have you said, with the Master, "Peace, sin thou
no more"?

To the famished, the starving that roam o'er the
land,

Have you tendered the pittance they begged at
your hand?

Have you knelt with no mourner to weep o'er a
bed
On which lilies and hare-bells their soft petals
shed ?
On that dark, lonely path that no sunbeam adorns
Have you scattered no roses, uprooted no thorns ?
Over wastes of rough stubble and deserts of sand,
Have you lightened no heart, have you strength-
ened no hand ?
These are acts in Life's drama that challenge true
art,
And he well may lament who has failed in his part.
Then rejoice, O young hearts, in the days of your
youth,
But subvert not their freshness, their promise, and
truth
By broad-casting "wild-oats" where you should
scatter seeds
That develop high aims, noble thoughts, honest
deeds ;
Else, perchance in the future, a conscience-lit flame
May illumine, too strongly, some past deed of
shame ;
Or a sense of abasement your proud bosom fret
As you writhe in the pangs of a lasting regret.
You have youth, you have hope, you have vigor
and health,
Oh, scorn not, oh, waste not this fullness of wealth ;
Let the fleet-footed years as they swiftly depart
Find you broadened in soul and unsullied in heart.

* * * * *

But the drama goes on and behold here to-day
A gay, amateur troupe who have made their entrée
And their exit as well, and we loudly encore
As the curtain is dropped and the closing scene,
o'er ;

But their brief interlude will be followed, I ween,
By a classic rehearsal for some grander scène ;
And new glories they'll garner at each ripened age,
As new homage they win on the throne of the
stage ;

For all "artists-in-born" seek the plaudits of fame
As a spur to a nobler, a still higher aim.—
And this thought leads me back to the primitive
age
Of your drama scholastic when flashed on the
stage

A star-troupe of young actors, unrivalled in art,
True and earnest in soul, pure and loyal in heart.
Thus they stood, laurel-crowned, just a decade
ago, —
Have you heard the old adage that every crow

Thinks her own young the whitest ? Be that as it
may,
You will seek for a whiter brood, many a day !—
Here I sigh o'er my theme, and I pause in my
rhyme,
For a Decade of Years, ten lost children of Time

Stand before me to-night and my pulses beat fast
As they lift, each in turn, the light veil of the past ;
And, though tear-mists of Memory shadow and
mar

The vista that smiles in the distance afar,

Yet, with crude, rapid touch, without finish or hue
I would fain paint the scenes that arise to my
view ;—

There's a green, sloping hill with its pathways
well-trod,

And some tall, spreading trees that cast over the
sod

Their fine profiles in shadow with here and there,
too,

A bright net-work of gold where the sunbeams
glint through.

At the top of this summit and crowning its head
Stands your old Alma Mater with both arms out-
spread,

Suggestive of welcome, suggestive of flight
To the top of ambition's most classical height. —
There are long flights of stairs, old and dusty and
worn,

There are low, narrow halls with some splinters
up-torn

By the swift rush of feet as they fall into line
In the order of grade. And this picture of mine
Has a still higher flight very far to the eye,
But more restful for being so near to the sky ;

And its windows look out over valleys and dells,
While afar in the distance, their low evening bells
Call to service or prayer at the close of the day,
When soft twilight descends on the hills far
away, —

On those time-honored hills, with green banners
unfurled,

That stand proudly to-day, the first-born of the
world! *

Such, the half-drawn perspective, — but who can
impart

By a touch of the pen what is graved on the heart?

Ah, how often on Fancy's swift pinions I fly
To your old Alma Mater's third loft in the sky ;
To that peaceful retreat by sweet Solitude blest
That from turmoil and care gave me refuge and
rest.

Alone, but not lonely, with friends true and tried,
And my life-work before me, what craved I, be-
side?

And there crowns the remembrance of happy years
flown

The sweet thought of another life linked with my
own ;

And once more rings the sound in the garret o'er-
head

Of a hammer and saw and a boy's nimble tread.

* The Adirondacks.

There with close-knitted brow he toils on with a
will

To develop some feat of mechanical skill,

Till at length the young ship-wright exhibits a
craft

That the favoring gales of his future shall waft
Over waters unknown. And it comes, the glad day
When both master and vessel speed gayly away, —

Speed too gayly away, over waters unknown,
And are lost to a life doubly saddened and lone,
As the long days of absence, recorded with tears,
Waste to months and the months wear to long,
dreary years.

But we meet here to-night not in sorrow nor
gloom,

As we bring our heart's offerings and strew o'er
the tomb

Of a Decade of Years wreaths and garlands of
flowers

That true Friendship and Love pluck from Mem-
ory's bowers ;

And though hearts have been saddened and cheeks
have been wet,

We will waste not one thought in a useless regret ;
For with faith in the hand that blends wisdom
with woe,

Still the decades may come and the decades may
go ;

But the fast-rolling years as they come and depart
Shall not find us nor leave us less fervent in heart ;
And our life-lease, though short, we'll not crave to
 extend,
"For that life is the longest which answers life's
 end."

TO MRS. W. ON HER WEDDING DAY.

(With a dozen spools of cotton.)

May your smooth thread of life be of generous
 length,
And perfect in texture and number and strength ;
And now that 'tis twisted with one of a kind
That every way pleases your heart and your mind,
You will wind up your bobbin with willing assent,
And just run life's machine with a double intent.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY.

Dear friends, we have come on this glad New
 Year day,
With gifts and with wishes our homage to pay,
And to hear what the bride and the groom have
 to say
In favor of courtship and marriage ;

A fourth of a century surely must prove
The truth or the falsehood of conjugal love,
Though matches on earth that are sanctioned
above

No falsehood can ever disparage.

“Some trials of course, we have met with” you
say.

Yes, sunshine and shadow twin-children of Day
Their net-work of changes have wrought o’er your
way ;

Though one little sunbeam was given
To comfort your hearts and to gladden your eyes, —
The gift of your Father, who bids you be wise,
And keep it unsullied and pure for the skies,
For the skies that we mortals call Heaven.

Your features will fade and your eyes will grow
dim,

And thin locks of gray nestle under your brim,
But your hearts will grow young as you look upon
him

And you’ll say it must be an illusion ;
But no, Father Time ever sprinkles a thread
Mid the locks of the fairest and loveliest head,
And so whether married or single, or dead,
We are subject to just such intrusion !

With health and with wealth may your future be
crowned,

May peace and prosperity ever abound,
All “family jars” full of sweetmeats be found,
And wedlock, a true golden fetter

That shines with the wearing, — a mystical chain,
Whose wonderful links a strange magic retain
That brightens each pleasure and softens each
 pain,

Old Hymen could wish you no better !

FIGURE-HEADS.

(For a Reunion at the State Normal College,
Albany, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1885.)

When politicians swell their noisy throats
With long orations born of borrowed notes,
Or advocate some unimportant cause,
To show their knowledge, or to win applause,
May not a school-dame sing in humble strain
The scattered thoughts that flit athwart her brain ?
May she not show how spite of care and toil
Huge shams may flourish in a fertile soil ?

Then come my Muse, and mid unnumbered strains,
Raise one brief note before the chorus wanes :
Come now, while rhymers meet, and metres rhyme
To chant the progress of the present time,
And tune thy lyre, by fairy Fancy led,
To sing the progress of the Figure-Head.

An odd vagary led me to my theme ;
One night I had a most impressive dream ;
Methought that in a crowded mass, I met
A host of forms, and on each form was set

A score of heads, of every style and size,
And on each forehead, just above the eyes,
Hung a placard, inscribed with this queer sign :
“I’ll scratch your head, my friend, if you’ll scratch
mine !”

All shams and shoddies, all pretence and fraud,
These nodding heads were fashioned to applaud ;
All cliquish “ Rings,” intrigues, and cunning wiles
Found recognition in their furtive smiles ;
All public sinecures, professions, trades,
First-class positions of all ranks and grades, —
Whatever wealth bestows, or influence sheds,
Was represented by these itching heads.
Of capillary growth there was no lack
Except one thin, bald place upon the back,
Where constant scratching had laid bare the bone,
Just as erosion wears away a stone.
Each face with self-complacency grew sleek, —
And oh, what wondrous, fearful breadth of cheek !
Then round I cast my eager, questioning eyes,
Saw other heads half timidly arise
Without placards upon the foreheads high ;
But brightly shone within each soul-lit eye
The fire of genius, in whose *borrowed* sheen
These well-scratched heads were basking, calm,
serene.

I woke, and shaking off the drowsy spell
That bound my senses, I remembered well
That what in Dream-land had been shown to me
Was but a type of what I *daily* see.

O fitting Figure-Heads that rise to power
In mushroom growths that thrive one little hour!
O Figure-Heads that rule through long decades
By constant scratchings (those most potent aids)!
Come forth to roll-call, answer to your names,
And tell the truth, though it your master shames.
Come forth distorted heads of mammoth size,
With vulture-beaks and fiery Argus-eyes
That flash like lightning in a pelting storm,
Ye are the giant heads of bold Reform. —
O stern Reform, thou moral Hercules,
Canst thou bring Evil down on bended knees?
Twelve times twelve labors hath thy might as-
sailed,
Yet Evil stands well-backed, well-armed, well
mailed.

Political reforms with zeal advance,
And nimbly lead their partners in the dance
Of Civil-Service Quickstep, while the Press
Records their pirouettes and styles of dress.
Some Terpsichorean who trips and falls
Becomes a gastropod, and *creeps* and *crawls*
In slimy suppliance upon the ground,
Where'er the Quickstep dance goes round and
round.

Anon, the dance is changed for target drill,
Which yields the test of every marksman's skill;
And target-practice soon becomes so brisk
That every Figure-Head sustains some risk;

While Census-bill projectiles framed with skill
Just miss the mark, and lodge fast in a Hill ! *

Reluctant Muse, I free thee from a task
That would a hideous monster all unmask ;
That would a tale unfold of this ripe age
Which Tragedy ne'er played on mimic stage ;
A tale of frauds and lucre-loving lust,
Of infidelity to public trust,
Of petty pilferers who reimburse
Official tramps from out the public purse,
Of bartered honor and of bribes and blame
That makes the cheek of Justice blaze for
shame.

With careful tread, with secret, solemn awe,
Lest I o'er-step the bounds of nature's law,
I rise sublimely to those frigid heights
That even touch the base of Woman's Rights,
And sing Reform, — reform that breaks her chain
And frees her from the thralldom and the pain
That bondage brings to those unquiet minds
Who feel the fetter, softly though it binds.

One marvels much that woman, born to cheer
And bless the world, should seek a broader sphere ;
That from her quiet hearth-stone she should turn
Her timid, longing eyes, and sighing, yearn
For rights which man dares hardly hold in trust ;
Man, high in purpose, in decision just,

* In allusion to Gov. David B. Hill's veto of the Census Bill for the State of New York in 1885.

Man, born of Nature's most sublime ideal,
On whom "the gods have seemed to set their
seal,"

Whose lofty souls would *scorn* to flout her claim
To hard-earned stipend or to well-earned fame.

What seeks she then in Legislative Halls
Where she must brave the thrusts of party brawls,
And rude contempt, and Libel's shifts and shocks,
And all the slime that soils the ballot-box?
Why sees she not within the small domain
Of household circle all her duty plain?
Why to some desperate impulse does she yield
To cultivate the broad and barren field,
Although perchance the garden of her home
Spring up with weeds, and coiling serpents come
And breathe on her fair flowers a blighting breath
That marks their trail with dire disease and death?
Does morbid sense of wrong or fancied right
Thus drive her headlong on her tangent flight?
Let woman solve a query if she can
That puzzles e'en the subtle brain of man.

O Mistress Jellyby, sublime ideal,
Suspend your efforts, check your ardent zeal.
For "Borrioboola-Gha" there is no hope,
That scene of action is beyond *your* scope.
To man, primeval schemer, leave that field,
And see what grand results it soon will yield.
Let him direct you while you tug and toil;
He'll give you leave to till the rugged soil,

To prune and nurture with a constant care, —
He'll not assert his claim the toil to share ;
But with an air that marks his conscious right
He'll give you leave to *work with all your might!*
He'll give you leave to wear out heart and brain,
Then dole you out a pittance of *his gain* ;
He'll give you leave all irksome tasks to do,
Then claim the profit and the honors too !
He'll show you, by a logic most complete
That your true sphere is at his lordship's feet.
No matter though Minerva sponsor stood
When you assumed the trust of womanhood
A brazen Figure-Head *that* trust disdains
Where "might makes right" and gender out-ranks
brains.

Come forth, O Figure-Heads of *social* styles,
That nod approvingly as Fortune smiles ;
That all financial ranks intently scan,
And with financial scales weigh every man. —
Alas ! does wealth or station, pride of birth,
Does power or polish stand for solid worth ?
Nay, nay, a strong, true heart full oft beats high
Beneath a garb despised by social eye ;
And giant brains throb 'neath a brimless hat,
Ah, faith, "a man's a man for a' o' that."

O Style and Fashion, Folly's twin-born apes,
Before whose shrine the world her model shapes,
Stern rulers, that our thoughts and lives control,
Ye starve the heart, and dwarf the very soul. —

See fair Devotion in her Sunday smile
Self-conscious, trip along the crowded aisle ;
In Fashion's latest quirk is she arrayed,
Style is her watchword, style her stock in trade.
She eats, she sleeps, she walks, she talks in style,
A stylish giggle rounds her stylish smile ;
Her stylish calls are always in exchange,
Like hostile guns saluting at long range ;
She toils not, spins not, does not read nor think,
But oh, how she adores the roller-rink !
Though oft at church for vanity harangued,
Her foretop, like her doors, is loudly banged. —
With waist so cramped within her corset's clasp
That every breath is but a painful gasp,
With bangles jingling like a convict's chains
She fans and flutters till her pew she gains,
Ducks down her head, as Custom bids her do,
And — soothes the corn that's sprouting in her
shoe !

Anon, a suitor comes to seek her hand :
Has he position, bank-accounts, and land ?
If not, oh luckless wight, how swift his fall,
Some blear-eyed, blinking Cræsus has them all ;
And for his wealth, which is her only goal,
She sells herself, her body and her soul ;
A golden Figure-Head, with golden crown
Of scattered hairs as white as thistle down,
Supplies the rank for which she longing sighs,
Adores her beauty and ignores her lies.
Thus any race, Decrepitude may gain
If he but amble with a golden cane.

In freaks of Fashion most grotesque, most queer,
One dainty object claims our notice here ;
In haunts where no rude country swain intrudes,
Behold the promenade of city dudes !
With beardless cheek, and downy upper lip ;
With limbs as sleek as molded tallow dip ;
With gloves immaculate, with slender cane
That ne'er was soiled in dust of country lane
With souls no larger than a cricket's crop,
These pigmy counterparts of Hotspur's fop
Sport cigarettes, and strut with lofty mien,—
Tobacco plants, fresh, fragrant, young and green.

Lo, Science, Mistress of the boldest brain,
Shall proud Pretence be found upon her train ?
Alas ! our roll-call must all dolts betray ;
For quack professionals o'er-crowd our way
And prate of Law, Theology, and Health ;
Their empty titles being all their wealth.
Yea, quack-professionals of every class
From rank to rank with rapid progress pass,
And shielded by a titled Figure-Head,
Venture to rush " where angels fear to tread."

Mad Medicasters here must find a place,
Who laugh at Science in her very face ;
They store their brains with sundry healing facts,
And store themselves with patent pills and packs,
And boast of skill which works such grand results
That e'en the dead arise with quickened pulse ;
Then diagnose in such a swelling strain
That Terminology could scarce explain ;

Expound pathology in learned tone,
And deal a doubtful grain to every groan.

Not less in Sciolism's well-thronged mart
Poor Pettifoggers act their petty part ;
Financial vultures hover everywhere,
And seek to seize the greedy vulture's share
By long delay and weary, vain dispute, —
The Vholes, and Guppies, of the Jarndyce suit.
Fierce legal vampyres, that their victims drain
By sapping every artery and vein,
Urged by the jingle of expected fees,
Show clients how they'll win their case with ease ;
But summing up their items of defense,
More often show their lack of common sense.

Theologasters fill the sacred desk
Who rival Comedy in grave burlesque ;
With measured tone, and upward glance sublime,
These pious Damons of Macauley's rhyme
Inspire their hearers with a sleepy awe
As they expound the claims of Moral Law ;
Then Milton, Luther, Watts, or Wesley, quote,
And fill each gap with — a selected note.
Have they to foreign lands e'er made a tour ?
That jaunt is shared alike with rich and poor ;
Henceforth their feeble minds are tossed and
vexed,

How best to introduce it in the text ;
And every benediction, sermon, prayer,
Is spiced with odors of a foreign air,
While sleepy hearers nod, and doze, and snore,
And dream they've wakened on a foreign shore.

And while to sacred themes our thoughts we raise
Comes forth a Figure-Head that blinds the gaze ;
With saintly visage and with austere grace ;
With cautious tread and slow, funereal pace ;
With mock humility, and modest mien,
That hides itself where *best it can be seen !*
Behold Piosity, fanatic elf,
Who sees no good except her righteous self.
The cloak which Charity with her endowed
Is laid aside, as one reserves a shroud
For that cold day which Nature brings to all,
When life's thermometer takes its last fall.
In scripture lore she is the only sage,
She follows one straight road, the Narrow Gauge.
With venom'd tongue and Sanctimony's slime,
She stings and hisses at a hint of crime ;
But crumbs of scandal are sweet morsels, while
She smites her breast in true Pecksniffian style.
She prowls and peers with hungry, furtive glance,
Some monstrous sin to spy, and if perchance
She finds a frailty or a cause for blame,
She lifts her holy hands and cries "For shame !"
Then boasts in a sepulchral mongrel tone,
(A cross between a chuckle and a groan,)
That she has passed Temptation's direst snare,
Yet her fair soul is pure as Heaven's own air.
Thus self-exalted does she loud bemoan
The sinfulness that leaves her all alone,
Till Virtue cries in bitterness and wrath,
"Oh, what a goodly outside Falsehood hath !"

Perhaps some critic, noting each new case,
Thinks poetasters here might find a place.
Yes, grant them all that to their rank belongs,
Grant all but a rehearsal of their songs!
Upspringing all about us, rhymesters rise
With hearts brimful, but heads, not over wise,
Whose vain conceits their sense so far abuse,
That soon they make their visionary muse
To rival Orpheus, whose magic lyre
Could thrill the dead with its poetic fire;
And Sappho, that fair, gifted, Grecian maid,
Is cast by them completely in the shade;
And one poetic wag boasts in his lays
That "fools will write, while greater fools will
praise."

As *prince* of shams, we here may aptly quote
The scribbling novelists of Beadle note,
Whose startling titles fix the eager glance
Of hungry readers starving for romance.
Their pages drip with sympathetic tears,
As sinking hope is swallowed up in fears
Lest some bold hero perish in the strife,
In which he wages all to win a wife.

With slow, reluctant, hesitating tread
Do I approach that shapeless Figure-Head,
With brain as heavy as a London fog,
And rightly labelled Pseudo-Pedagogue.

The little Devil at his printer's case,
With busy hand and mildly vacant face,

Sets up his stick, well spaced in pica row,
But knows not what he sets, nor cares to know.
He "follows copy," and has never known
A higher impulse; does he stand alone?
Nay, not alone, — behold the long parade
Of mimic tutors in each rank and grade,
Who shame pretense to science and to art,
Like some rude actor who mistakes his part.

Not air scholastic and not learned fact,
Can fill the place of inborn, native tact.
'Tis magnetism's subtle, strange control
That binds the heart and captivates the soul.
Slow *imitators* carry out *designs*
Enclosed by certain circles, squares or lines;
Nor do they hasten their dull, plodding pace
To seize a prize awarded in the race.
With second-hand attainments on they grope,
Nor seek a broader field nor freer scope;
Blind bats and moles that neither feel nor think,
The mongrel apes of Darwin's missing link,
Low protozoans, with a one-celled wall,
Acephalous, and fossilized withal!

O, servile teacher, cast your books aside,
And Nature's grand old volume open wide.
Its pleasing truths each lisping tongue should
learn,
Its pictured page should charm at every turn,
In one glad concert they should shout with glee
That flowery alphabet, the A B C.

Of bud and blossom, springing all about,
And let them thumb the page, it can't wear out.
How soon each lesson they'll delight to read,
Line after line they'll con with eager speed ;
Strange stories learn ; with morals pure and good,
That add a flavor to their mental food.

Frail jewels, wrought of sunbeams, frosts, and
 dews

Will charm their eyes with all the lustrous hues
Of richer gems, so coveted, so dear,
That bring their owners naught but fret and fear.
And where the daisy shades her modest face
With bordered cap of plaited, homespun lace,
They'll love to linger ; eagerly they'll ask
A thousand questions on their pleasing task :
As, why the mole throws up the mimic mound
That hides his gloomy castle underground ;
How master Robin's stylish, scarlet vest
Is cut to fit his portly, glossy breast ;
How Daffodil her scented kerchief flirts ;
Why butterflies have gold-embroidered skirts ;
While clumsy toads wear on their ugly backs
A rusty coat, all seamed and scarred with cracks.
What hidden wealth lies in the rocky ledge ;
Where gets the wind its keenly cutting edge ;
Where plods the peddler snail on slimy track,
With all his " notions " heaped upon his back.

Why men at Beauty's shrine, their worship give ;
Why homely, unloved things should care to live ;

Why roses crown the vulgar, way-side bush ;
What means the music of the mottled thrush ;
Whence come the silver-sandaled rills that glide
Between their velvet banks on either side ;
How stealthy spiders weave their subtle lace ;
What holds the starry canopy in place ;
Where the pale moon-man in the day-time goes,
What makes that mammoth pimple on his nose ;

Why sweetest blossoms oft bear bitter fruit ;
Why cheerful crickets wear a mourning suit ;
What dainty humming-birds, in dandy coats,
Seek in the morning-glories' creamy throats ;
How from the thistle's cup, marauding bees
Despite her bristling guard, her treasures, seize ;
How stones increase in growth ; why sunbeams
fade
And leave the pleasant earth enwrapped in shade.

As Hiawatha questioned on until
He taxed Nokomis to her utmost skill,
So they will query in their youthful zeal,
With minds that quickly grasp, and hearts that
feel.

Of evolution, with its "how" and "when,"
They'll puzzle Huxley, o'er and o'er again ;
And with swift haste they'll seek to learn each
rule
That solves these problems in fair Nature's school ;
Because as our wise Shakspeare taught, their
books
Are found in "trees, in stones, in babbling brooks."

Close these bright pages, and in clear mid-day,
They'll grope in darkness, all along life's way.

Then, O true teacher, study Nature's page
And let its precepts all your heart engage ;
And like those silent slaves, the sap and root
That clothe the showy boughs with leaves and
fruit,

Act well your part, and this plain truth declare :

"One dignifies his calling by his care."

Aim to be true, nor seek to question why

On every hand exalted, proud and high

Dull, self-inflated, pedagogic frauds

Stand ranked and titled, while the world applauds.

Remember that most mystic, potent sign,

"I'll scratch *your* head, my friend, if you'll scratch
mine."

Well may we pause and ruefully exclaim

Behold how Figure-Heads may rise to fame !

My task is ended. If, perchance, I bring

A thrust unkind, keen-edged by Satire's sting,

I bring it only as an expert's test,

To tear the shield of Truth from Falsehood's
breast.

Then cease, my Muse, nor let thy strain unkind

No real worth no recognition find

Of earnest effort and persistent will

Life's noblest aim and mission to fulfill :

For lo, to-day an earnest band I meet

Who tread with eager, careful, patient feet

'The path that leads to Truth's most blest abodes ;
Nor have they sought the short and easy roads ;
I've learned their path, I've marked its steep ascent
And watched their wistful glances upward bent.

Hail dear Alumni of the days of yore,
We greet you gladly at our mother's door ;
We bid you welcome to this spacious hall,
Its hospitality is free to all.

There was a day, — not very long ago,
When you came home, and found us, as you know,
Just like that ancient lady in the shoe,
We smiled a welcome, for what could we do ?
We hoped you wouldn't come, but all the same,
We had to ask you, and so on you came !
Our Alma Mater sought with yearning look
To give you, every one, a cozy nook,
To see that all alike were warmed and fed,
That not a chick went supperless to bed ;
But still the careful dame, though seldom vexed,
Did seem at times to be somewhat perplexed
To find her hearthstone, once so broad and wide,
Too small, although we "squeezed in" side by
side.

Meanwhile, we watched her patient, care-worn face
As earnestly, with stately, matron grace,
She urged the Junior brood to study well,
And show their Seniors how they'd learned to
spell.

And much we marveled how her girls and boys,
In stifled air and midst a Babel noise,
Could heed her words of wisdom and of grace ;
But still they wrought, and time crept on apace.

The good old lady shook her head and sighed,
The house *was* small, that could not be denied.
Not only small, but *old* and *shaky* too.
With her, to *will* was but to *plan* and *do*.
Now to the State she tremblingly appeals :
Her hopes and fears in confidence reveals ;
Remarks what noted progress has been made
In every high profession, art, or trade
In which her sons and daughters have engaged,
And *proves* it, too, by Catalogue all paged !
She pleads that never has reproach, nor shame,
Nor one foul blemish stained her honored name.
'Tis done, the State responds, — O honored Dame,
What nobler monument could mark thy fame ?

Through yon Great Window streams the Christ-
mas light,
And rare Mosaic patterns charm the sight ;
Pupil and teacher gracefully portray
The early dawn of this resplendent day,
And speed a truth that quickens heart and mind :
Sweet fruit may ripen 'neath a bitter rind ;
In castle or in cottage, near or far,
It is not *where*, but rather *what* we are.
But Roll-Call summons us, and we'll away,
As each familiar name is called to-day,
Our Alma Mater sighs, for some, alas,
Do not respond. From out the waving grass
On some lone hillside steals the wind's sad moan,—
What need of roll-call has a cold, white stone ?
Long may our voices strong with *moral* might
Be heard at roll-call in the Cause of Right ;

Swift be the progress of the eager feet
That in the race with vain Pretence compete ;
Strong be the arm that frees with fearless stroke
The neck of Genius from its galling yoke,
That bares bold Falsehood to the very bone,
And places Truth upon her rightful throne.

QUIRKS AND QUERIES.

A SILICATE.

Stern and stony was the bearing of fair Kate in
all her ways,
Yet a trifle metamorphic under passion's fusing
blaze ;
So it chanced a spark magnetic, from love's anvil
burning fell
On the cold, silicious bosom of this flinty demoiselle ;
And the crusted, noduled geode, that she used to
call her heart
Was soon entered by flèche d'amour (that, in
French, means Cupid's dart).
Then a geologic gouger plied the chisel of his fate,
And above his whole collection placed this shining
sili-Kate.

TO PLAGIARISM.

O shrewd reviser of all themes,
Of theory and thought,
Thy verse an odd mosaic seems
Of mixed quotations wrought.

Thy muse with passion's fervid fire,
 To fair Apollo clings,
 But, ah, she tunes a borrowed lyre,
 And steals the lender's strings !

QUERY.

What lights the flame that flashes from our eyes
 To stranger-eyes, responsive, on the street ?
 And as we backward glance, why no surprise
 That we a stolen glance should backward meet ?
 And when from this quick union of our eyes
 There leaps a new-born impulse,— ere it dies,
 Give it a name, ye psychologic wise.

WHY NOT ?

Our shrewd politicians who manage the wires,
 Soon rise to the height that commands their de-
 sires ;
 And when they grow giddy with soaring so high,
 Neither standing nor sitting of course they must
 lie !

YOUR CHOICE.

" Women sit, or move to and fro, some old, some young,
 The young are beautiful — but the old are more beautiful than
 the young." — *Leaves of Grass,* Walt Whitman.

O rash Walt Whitman, what wilt thou find next
 To interweave among thy Grassy Blades ?
 Thy glumous gramina have sore perplexed
 The Phenogamic grub, that bores and spades

To sap the juicy root of each green leaf
That hides a floret-bud within its sheaf.

Thy broadened Blades have root in no mean soil,
Their fibres spring from Nature's richest mold ;
Each subtle vein within its glossy foil
Pulsates with life poetic, yet they hold
A mystery, alas, beyond my ken,
O gifted poet of the Endogen.

But if this version of thy verse be true,
That Old Spring Beauties, past their time of
May,
Are quite as fresh and quite as fair to view
As pink June roses, blushing by the way,
Then oh, what huge bouquets await thy call,
And, good Walt Whitman, thou shalt have them
all !

OH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER ?

(A College Reminiscence.)

Oh, don't you remember Joe Wilder, Hugh Brown,
Joe Wilder, the wildest of boys,
Who was known through the length and the
breadth of the town,
By his ready-made, rollicking noise ?

And don't you remember old "Squeery," Hugh
Brown,
And his cynical,—"That is superb !"
When we floundered in giving the stem of a noun,
Or tripped up on the root of a verb ?

And don't you remember the "Snug'ry," Hugh
Brown,

Where he found the strong, odorous signs
That some lore-loving students in slippers and
gown

Had been puffing away at long nines?

And don't you remember he scored it, Hugh
Brown,

By a look, unmistakably plain;
And how we would rather have *felt* him come down
With the weight of his gold-headed cane?

Oh, don't you remember Old Bridget, Hugh
Brown,

With her eyebrows so bushy and black,
How she swooned with dismay in the face of a
frown,

And revived in the face of a smack?

And don't you remember the garret, Hugh Brown,
With its roof pointing straight to the sky,

Where she nursed us through measles on pillows
of down,

And just gorged us on sweet pumpkin pie?

Oh, never forget stern old "Squeery," Hugh
Brown,

Nor his petrified stare of surprise
When you blundered upon the right stem of a
noun,

In a manner uncommonly wise.

And do not forget dear old Bridget, Hugh Brown,
Nor the light that she shed on your track ;
For her spirit went up, when her body went down,
And *both* went where they'll never come back !

And oh ! don't forget young Joe Wilder, Hugh
Brown,
For though vigor and bloom may depart,
Yet Time's fiercest ravages ne'er can tear down
The strong walls of a true, loving heart.

THE SELF-MADE MAN — HIS NAME.

I promised him that I would weave his name
Into a sonnet — therefore, I begin ;
But how, in fourteen lines, e'er hope to win
For him the laurel-wreaths of lasting fame
That his rare gifts and dauntless deeds may claim ?
“Self-made,” — he bids me weave this oft within
My humble verse. His course has been
A round of brilliant conquests in Life's game,
Fought single-handed, thus he spins the tale ;
And as in grand review his triumphs pass,
His “self-made” craft has weathered every gale ;
But I have reached the thirteenth line, alas,
And lest both Pegasus and promise fail,
I'll haste at once to “write him down an Ass.”

IS IT A FAILURE?

Oh, is it a failure, this union of hands,
Of dowers and mortgages, houses and lands,

And paraphernalia that always commands
The homage of every station?
It surely should not be a question of doubt,
For ever since Adam went strolling about
With elbows and knees, yea, with heels and toes
out,
And vowed that a wife he could not do without,
We have honored this holy relation.

In fact, father Adam did not tell a fib,
The evening he put on his new fig-leaf bib,
And said he'd get married, if it took a rib,
And ordered his family carriage:
A carriage for two, that was made to seat four,
For Adam was honest and true to the core,
And as for divorce, Eve was safe on that score,—
Now why should our Devil pop in at the door
And mention the thing that we'd like to ignore?
“Aye, but that was an old-fashioned marriage!”

RÉSUMÉ.

As I was remarking a moment ago,
The old-fashioned weddings were not made for
show,
The swain had his sweetheart, the maiden her
beau,
But courtships were rare, and the magnetic glow
Of their passion was not evanescent.

They shared with each other through long-wedded
years,
Life's sunshine and sorrow, its hopes and its
fears,
And mingled together their smiles and their tears,—
The full honeymoon, as the record appears,
Never waning, as now, to a crescent.

We often observe in the conjugal bower,
That Hymen's mysterious, magical power,
In grafting the fruit of affection's fair flower,
Makes some acids sweet, and some saccharines,
sour
As fortune's queer compound arranges.
But all who "look backward" a hundred years
hence,
Will marvel to learn of the charming pretence
Of ardent devotion, where dollars and cents
Could sever or bind two fond hearts — on the fence
Awaiting commercial exchanges !

THE PUZZLED ENTOMOLOGIST.

"You say you found it on the fence,
And that its color changed when you
Peered 'neath its wings? That *is* immense,
I scarcely can believe it true.
Three-winged ! Well, well, — now let me trace,
The Diptera? No, *that* has two.
Orthoptera? No, that gives place
To four-winged insects, *that* won't do."

The three-winged myth with changing hue,
Our scientist viewed o'er and o'er ;
With microscopic eye, anew
He taxed his deep, entomic lore ;

But taxed in vain. The gauze-winged bee,
The silken moth, the dragon-fly,
The busy ant, the supple flea
Each passed before his mental eye.

Then suddenly his puzzled look
Changed to a phase half-sneer, half-frown,
And pushing back both lens and book
He seized a label and wrote down :

“ Amorphous type — can leap and fly,
Can climb or crawl at will, — and hence
Its Genus plain : Mugwumpii,
Its native habitat, the fence ! ”

MYTHS.

On high Mount Olympus, as old legends go,—
A mountain that stands with its head in the snow,
Bold Jupiter changed himself into a crow,
And carried off Juno, — the legends say so,
Without the slight loss of a feather !
But she soon grew jealous of this tricky bird,
For rumors and scandals she constantly heard,
And if she but hinted her fears, by a word,
He would c-a-w in a manner extremely absurd,
And be sulky for hours together.

Fair Juno was highly offended, of course,
And turned to the courts to obtain a divorce,
But got no redress from this popular source,
For Jupiter c-a-w-e-d till he made himself hoarse,
And then sought to quell her by actual force ;

While birds of the very same feather
Declared that some facts (should they choose to
relate)

Would kindle such wrath in the breast of her
mate,

That Juno would wish herself down in that state
Where torch-light processions such vapors create
As to alter the state of the weather.

Calisto, her rival, was famously fair,
So Juno transfigured her into a bear,
And cruelly caged in the very same lair,
Calisto's son Arcus ; the thing I declare
Was harsh, for a woman who had any share
In heart-felt affection, but she "didn't care,"

For such was her manner of speaking ;
But Jupiter seeing what Juno had done,
Transferred the two Brunos 'way up near the sun.
And here comes the moral :—Most quarrels begun
Through envy and malice, will, in the long run
Recoil on the agent,—the "kick of the gun,"
The game, meanwhile, soaring 'way up to the sun.
And nothing of value will ever be won

By those who for vengeance are seeking.

CYPRESS SPRAYS.



IN MEMORIAM.

In the "City of Rest" a new grave has been
made,

And my heart turns toward it to-day ;
For beneath the low sod a dear form has been
laid

That I loved in the years passed away.

Ah, how shall I paint the bright virtues that
crowned

Thy life ever blameless and true ?
Thy clay, like all mortals, must blend with the
ground,

But thy spirit earth's taint never knew.

All gentleness, charity, sympathy, love,

A stranger to passion and hate ;
'Tis meet that earth's angels be gathered above,
Though earth be left twice desolate.

I long to kneel down by thy far-away grave,

And weep forth the anguish within,
And pray that thy guardian spirit may save
My feet from temptation and sin.

'Tis well that earth's sunbeams be sometimes with-
drawn,

Else heaven would seem not so near ;

'Tis well when we trace in our hopes over-
thrown,

A blessing baptized with a tear ;

'Tis well that our feet are not called to depart

While we tread the dark pathway of sin,—

That Death, the Iconoclast, breaks not the heart

When he shatters its idols within.

THE EARLY DEAD.

Thy life was but a little book,

With leaf uncut and page unread ;

And as upon thy face I look

I cannot call thee dead.

The cloud that flecks the summer sky,

The frosted lace-work on the pane,

The breath of lilies floating by

Are not more free from stain

Than thy young soul. Thou hadst thy part

In life's uneven, doubtful race,

And won the goal ere on thy heart

Sin's touch had left one trace.

GONE.

A sunbeam to the sky has gone,
Back to the sky that gave it birth,
A note is missing from your song,
'T will ne'er be found again on earth.

An early flower has faded, died,
The frailest flower in all the wreath
You held so dear, and long you tried
To shield it from the chill of death.

That sunbeam now divinely pure
Shall cheer you in its native sphere ;
That flower, too fragile to endure
The blights and blasts that smote it here,

Developed by a hand Divine,
Shall bless you in its native bowers. —
Alas, we may many garlands twine,
But cypress wreaths alone are ours !

BEYOND.

As one from whose light grasp a jewel slips,
I still pursue an eager, fruitless quest,
And almost feel her dainty finger-tips
Against my tear-stained cheek in pity, pressed,
And almost hear, above my heart's wild beat,
The patter of her willing, welcome feet.

I wake at midnight, with a sense renewed
Of all my loss, — of dreary days in store ;
I call her name in my lone solitude, —
Ah, will she answer from that far off shore ?
Alas, how far, — how near that shore may be,
Is known to none but angels pure as she.

She leads the way. — Across Death's dark abyss
Be thou, oh, Faith, the bridge on which I
stand
To mark the path that from such woe as this
Leads up to light, to love, to that blest land
Where I shall clasp again my white-robed child
Fair as she left me, spotless, undefiled.

THREE YEARS AGO.

Shadows, dark and gloomy shadows,
Such as only mourners know,
Fell upon our cheerful hearth-stone,
Only three short years ago.

We had been so glad and happy
Ere was dealt the fatal blow,
That we scarce could bear, unshaken,
All that came three years ago.

Now our hearts are ever saddened,
And our tears as freely flow,
As they fell upon his coffin,
Only three short years ago.

Checkered sunshine falls around us,
On his grave so green and low,
But no shadow dims his sunlight,
As it did three years ago.

We alone are left in shadow
And in darkness here below,
Left to mourn the free, glad spirit
Lost to earth, three years ago.

SAVED.

Sleeping beneath the green willow to-night
Is that dear little lambkin of ours,
And I'm trying to say it is just, Lord, and right
That she's buried forever there out of my sight,
'Neath her bed of bright mosses and flowers.

Taken away from the evil to come
Is the sweet one that's slumbering there,
Taken away from the sorrow and sin,
From the conflict without and the conflict within
That her frail, tender life could not bear.

Spared from the tempest and safe in the fold
Of the good, faithful Shepherd above ;
And though her poor body is senseless and cold,
And sinks 'neath the grave's loathsome mildew
and mold
Yet her spirit knows nothing but love.

I know there's a spot on this fair earth of ours
Where I shall at length find repose ;
Embowered mayhap mid green mosses and
flowers,
Where birdlings shall chirp through the long summer hours
From their nests in the myrtle and rose.
Ah, then if my spirit may enter the fold
Which the good, faithful Shepherd hath blest,
Though Death's clammy hand with its pitiless hold
Shall force me to share the grave's mildew and mold,
Yet how gladly I'll welcome its rest !

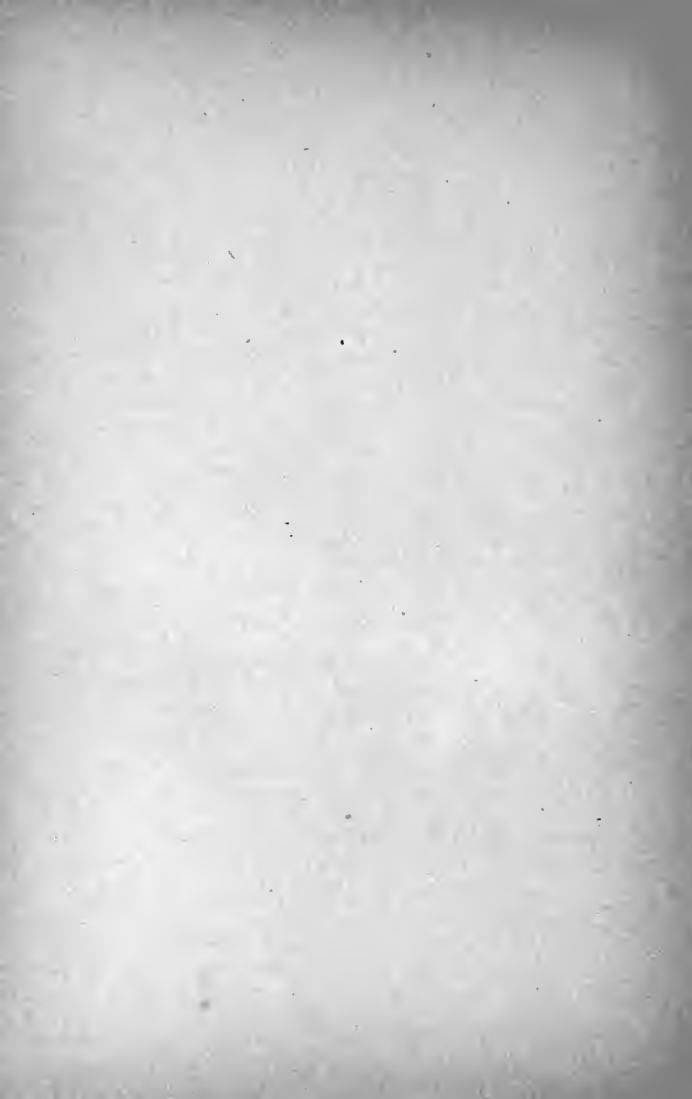
SEVEN YEARS AGO.

Seven years ! Alas, the shadow
That across our threshold lay,
Falls as darkly on our hearthstone
As it did that bitter day.
Seven years the blue-eyed pansies
O'er her grave their watch have kept,
While beneath the flowers and grasses
She in dreamless rest has slept.
Night dews fall in tear-drops round her,
Weeping willows near her wave,
Bird songs float with mournful cadence
O'er our loved one's early grave.

We "forget her"? shall the star-gems
Fail to deck the brow of night?
Shall the sunbeams fail to cheer us
With their genial warmth and light?

Just as well might we forget her,
She who blessed us from her birth,
She the sunbeam of our household —
Faded from our sight on earth.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MY LADY DEDLOCK.

“By the light of the fire, he can be seen looking toward the moonlight. By the moonlight, Lady Dedlock can be seen in profile, perfectly still.” — *Bleak House*.

I cannot view her as a grand ideal,
That stately, haughty queen of Chesney Wold !
I take the tale to heart as sadly real,
And when with tears, the picture I behold,
Which he, the master artist, wrought with care,
Her wrongs, her sorrows, her remorse, I share.

I hear a steady, stealthy, muffled tread
Fall on the “Ghost-walk,” soft as shifting sands ;
I see the deadly pallor quick o’erspread
Her brow, her cheek, and her fair, jeweled hands,
As her relentless judge, with legal care,
The deep-hid secret of her life lays bare.

I follow her when in that fear-winged flight,
She hurries, foot-sore, through the crowded street,
Lost in the blackness of the wintry night.
“I see no way before my guilty feet,”
I hear her cry, and list her sobbing moan —
“Ah, I must travel my dark way, alone.”

And that dark way leads to a pauper mound !
Her starving heart compels her weary feet
To seek the spot where she may touch the ground
That holds the form, — that hides the last retreat
Of one, who, lying there, a senseless clod,
Stole from her breast the rarest gift of God.

I see her at the pauper graveyard gate.
“The place, I’ve often had in my mind,” she said ;
One icy hand has clasped the iron grate,
And prone and helpless lies my lady — dead !
Ah, Charity, thy softest robe prepare,
And veil her shame with thy most tender care.

EXPERIENCE.

“First test the tension of your thread before you
wind at all,”

My mother said, as clumsily I wound a shapeless
ball ;

How well I learned a lesson then, that now I oft
recall !

“And favor the weak places, dear, the flaws along
your thread,

And wind your ball more evenly, and lap the ends,
instead

Of tying those unsightly knots ; they spoil your
work,” she said.

'Twas years ago, — but now her words I clearly
comprehend ;
In each fine cord that binds the heart of friend to
cherished friend,
Are brittle flaws that will not bear strong tension
to the end.

So, when a thoughtless tongue lets fall a word that
pains my ear,
I hide the flush of wounded pride, and check re-
signment's tear,
And thus the cords that wed our hearts grow
stronger, year by year.

When Malice spins her subtle thread to fashion
Scandal's ball,
And busy Gossip's giddy reel the tangled skeins
lets fall,
I test the 'tension of each strand before I wind at
all !

AUTUMN LEAVES.

O ye withered leaves of autumn,
How ye mind me of my fate,
How ye mind me that my changeful
Day of life is waxing late ;

That the genial, glowing summer
Of my joyous youth is past ;
And that Life's chill, somber autumn
Ends in Death's cold, wintry blast !

But I thank thee, O my Father,
That the semblance endeth here ;
That unlike the leaves of autumn
That must perish with the year,

My glad spirit shall awaken
To a life of light and joy,
Where autumn winds no longer moan
Nor wintry blasts destroy.

THE FIRST SNOW.

There falls a veil of spotless white,
The first white veil of snow,
Upon thy lonely grave to-night,
The cold winds tell me so.

Each silvery flake, that robes the land
In fleecy folds of white,
Falls softly as a spirit hand
On thy low grave to-night.

I did not mark Death's stealthy shade
That nearer drew each day ;
I did not see them when they laid
Thy wasted form away.

One curling tress of auburn hair, —
'Twas all that came, — ah, me ;
Alone, I weep, with none to share
My grief in losing thee !

A broken circle waits me now,
 And tearful eyes I see,
 Two aged heads in sorrow bow
 That may not look for thee.

I'll haste to grant the boon they ask,
 The boon they sadly crave,
 But ere the living forms I clasp,
 I'll seek thy new-made grave.

I know that sunbeams grace the skies,
 That shadows fall to earth ;
 I know that when the body dies,
 The spirit hath new birth ;

And would my soul, like thine, were free
 From every tie below,
 That I might calmly rest with thee
 Beneath a veil of snow.

THE TRUE QUEEN.

Fair Rose, thou art my Queen,
 And at thy feet
 Have I not sworn it, yea, a thousand times, and
 more ?
 Then wherefore dim the luster of thy sheen,
 And jealous, weep,
 That I should pause, perchance, at fair Viola's
 door?

To be a Queen, Sir Knight,
 May please the sense
That subtle pride too oft awakes within the heart ;
 But could'st thou read a woman's soul aright,
 Small recompense
Is hers who giveth all that she may win a part !

A Queen may well command
 Thine homage true ;
But when into thy garden, thou dost haply roam,
 Why gather tenderly within thy hand
 The Violet, blue,
That her rare fragrance may rejoice thee in thy
 home ?

The subtly woven crown
 That Love bestows,
To me were little worth, should Cupid, changeful
 roam,
And captured by the Violet, cast down
 The broken Rose !
Nay, she alone is Queen whose fragrance fills the
 home.

GOING DOWN TO THE GRAVE.

Going down to the grave with no hope in thy
 heart,
That thy God will receive thee sin-robed as thou
 art ?
Life's sunshine extinguished, with faltering tread,
In darkness and doubt going down to the dead ?

Going down to the grave in the blackness of
night,

No star-beam of love from the Father of Light?
No Savior's sweet presence and promise to save?
A stranger to God going down to the grave?

No God and no hope! Where, oh where, is thy
stay?

Thy Savior long pleading turns not yet away;
His sad eye *will* pity; His strong arm *can* save;
Why then in thine own strength go down to the
grave?

Thine hour of gay pleasure ere long will be o'er;
A dark gulf awaits thee; its mad waters roar, —
Too late thou wilt call on the mighty to save,
When thy prayer shall be lost in Eternity's grave.

RUNAWAY JIM.

'Twas near the Dismal Swamp, where cypress
wood,

And stately oaks, and tall primeval pines,
For years on years, like sentinels had stood,
Gray-bearded with dead moss and tangled vines. —
'Twas near this swamp, slave-haunted, that I lay
The scenes long passed — but ah, so real to-day!

Here stood a mansion, in the happy days
Ere fair Virginia's flowery hills and plains
Had felt the scathing breath, and scorching blaze
Of blighting War, and his attendant trains
Of evil, that like fiends of wrath and hate,
Laid all her beauty waste and desolate.

I see the thrifty acres, smiling, crowned
With ripened wheat ; the fertile meadow lands ;
The reach of woodland, on the higher ground ;
The sweet rose-hedges, trimmed by careful hands ;
The bordered pathways, winding here and there ;
And fragrant clover nodding everywhere.

I see the matron of this broad estate
In regal beauty o'er her household reign ;
Proud of the serfs that on her bidding wait,
Proud of her wealth and high ancestral name,
But prouder far of her twin-boys that stood
The future solace of her widowhood.

Now comes the day when for the love of gold,
She steels her heart against the cry of pain !
The trader pays his price ; the slave is sold,
His weeping wife, and mother, plead in vain, —
But, that you may the scene as plainly see,
List to the tale as it was told to me :

“ Ah, honey, I has seen de day
When bofe mine eyes run clean away
Wid tears dat neber ceased to flow.
Laws holp my life ! Why, doan ye know?
'Twas when my Jim was skulkin' roun',
Dat Dismal Swamp. — Sho', I'll be boun',
Ye neber hearn me tell o' him ?
Why, Rhody's daddy, dat's my Jim.

Ye see our missus done an' sol'
Him to a trader ; an' he stole

Away dat bery night, an' hid
Down in de Swamp; den missus bid
De ober-seer hunt his track
Wid all de houn's, to fotch him back.

Dey seerched ontirin', night an' day,
But Jim, he hid hisse'f away;
An' me an' Juno, — dat's his wife,
Made sartin sho' he'd lose his life;
An' all de chillun, day an' night,
Po' lam's, a cryin', wild wid fright.

But a'ter dey hed scrimaged roun',
An' Jim was nowhar to be foun';
An' a'ter 'bout a year hed passed,
An' we'd all gin him up, at last,
De twins, dat's massa Bijé an' Ben,
(Ole missus' heart was sot on dem,)
Dey tuk it in der heds one day,
To go down to de dam an' play.

So finishin' der 'lotted sums,
Dey tuk der hooks, an' lines, an' wu'ms,
An' went down to de Feeder, whar
De stream is mighty swift an' cl'ar,
To cotch some fish. Sence dey was bawn
Ole missus kep' em near de lawn,

An' neber let 'em 'scape her eye;
But somehow on dat day, an' why,
I disremember, seein' it's ben,
A dozen years or mo' sence den,

Dem twins dey slipped f'om missus' sight,
An' neber peared agin dat night !

Ah, missus didn't know twell den,
When she lost little Bijé an' Ben,
How deep it cuts, down in de heart,
Whev chile an' parent's druv apart.

All night de grown folks swa'med about,
All night ye mought uv hearn em shout ;
But 'twa'nt no use, fer not a soun'.
Come back to tell de twins was foun'.

Po' missus, 'stracted, walked de flo',
An' when de mawnin sun once mo'
His cheerin' beams, sent laughin' down,
She bid de fiel'-han's, all aroun'
To scour de wood, de swamp, an' fen,
But still no news o' Bijé an' Ben.

Wal, jest at night, de second day,
She, sperrit-broken, tried to pray ;
Wid tears a streamin' down her face,
She tole de Lawd her wretched case ;
When right afo' her 'stonished eyes
Dar stood my Jim! Laws, ef de skies
Hed fell right down to yeth below,
She could n't ben mo' skeered, I know.

In bofe his han's he clutched a cap,
De warter streamin', drap by drap
From bofe der brims. She gib a shriek,
But Jim, he neber stayed to speak,

Ner 'splain de meanin', — neber said
De twins was foun' alive ner dead.

Wal, jest about a minute mo',
Dar stood inside de open do',
Dem precious lam's, 'scaped f'om all harms!
An' rushin' to der mudder's arms
Dey tole der story, blin' wid tears.
'Tis sump'in like a dozen years
Sence dat tuk place, but yit I seem
To see it like it was a dream.

Dey waded frough de stream, to fin'
A place to drap de hook an' line;
But jest whar it was pow'ful deep,
Dey lost der footin', could n't keep
A stan'in spot; an' seein' der fate,
Dey screamed for holp, but 'twas too late;
An' so at last, dey bofe went down,
Locked in one nudder's arms to drown.

But 'stead o' dat cold, slimy grave,
Dey woked up in a mons'ous cave;
An' when der eyes dey opened wide,
Dar stood po' Jim, clus by der side!
Fer he hed watched 'em wade de stream,
An' seen 'em fall, an' hearn 'em scream,
An' clomb de bank, der lives to save,
An' toted 'em inside his cave.

'Why did he take der drippin' caps
To show der ma?' I reckon p'r'aps
'Twas just to let her taste de smart
Dat he felt gnawin' at *his* heart.

Fer twice he crep' so near at night,
Dat he could see his cabin's light ;
An' he could 'stinctly hear de soun's
O' Juno's voice, but den de houn's
Dey skeered him so, he dasn't stay ;
An' so he'd trem'lin' steal away,
An' dasn't look, one minute, back,
For fear de houn's 'ud scent his track.

An' when de stawm come peltin' down,
Fit to t'ar off de roof, I foun'
Po' comfo't in de wa'mth an' light,
A knowin' Jim was out dat night,
A starvin' an' a hidin' whar
De p'isen varmints make der la'r.

Ah, honey, when yer chillun goes
Down in dat Swamp, ye neber knows
What hol's 'em dar. 'Taint men, alone,
Dat frough dem dismal shadders roam ;
An' fo' de Lawd, Jim's hed his shar'
O' sorrer in dis life to b'ar.

'Did he come back?' Yes, I'll be boun' ;
For missus sent de yerran' roun'
To ebery cross-road in de lan',
Ef Jim 'ud come, she'd allers stan'
'Twixt him an' harm, an' — doan ye see,
Dat's Jim wid Rhody on his knee !"

KIND WORDS ONLY.

How like music o'er the waters —
 How like sunshine on the sea —
 How like morning's brightest day-beam,
 Comes a kindly word to me.

When my life-cares make me weary ;
 When my soul is racked with pain,
 Lo! a word of kindness greets me,
 And my heart grows glad again.

Oh, this life is full of sunshine —
 Full of sunshine every day,
 And unless we watch for shadows,
 They fall not athwart our way ;

And this earth were almost heaven,
 Could we every blessing see ;
 But we're waiting — ever waiting
 For some blessing yet to be !

Bright, how bright would be earth's pathways,
 And how like the world above,
 Were our words all " words of kindness,"
 And our deeds all " deeds of love."

GRAVE OF "LEATHER-STOCKING."

Is fiction truth? Do I but dream, as tearfully
 alone
 I kneel beside a grass-grown grave marked by a
 mossy stone,

Which bears a name so time-bedimmed I scarce the
words may trace,
And just beneath — "Let no rude hand disturb
this burial-place."

"Path-finder," "Hunter," "Pale-faced Chief" —
all titles were the same
To one who bore a Christian soul beneath a sav-
age name ;
For rude he was, and all unlearned in every let-
tered page,
And yet the Book of Nature read with wisdom of
a sage !

Here, just beyond the hunter's grave, low, crouch-
ing at his feet,
"Old Hector" with his master shares this quiet,
wild retreat ;
A savage hand in honest faith entombed him thus
with care,
That in the Spirit's hunting-grounds he'd join his
master there.

Here 'neath the sycamore and oak the forest hun-
ter sought
To rest his worn and weary frame when all life's
toils were wrought ;
Improvement's hum and busy din fell harshly on
his ear,
Far more he loved the haunts where roam the
bison and the deer.

Here, swift the Pawnee's arrow sped, and here his
 light canoe,
 When launched upon the crystal Loup, swift as
 his arrows flew ;
 The crystal Loup where each bright wave by
 flowery banked caressed,
 Along the dimpled surface bore a diamond in its
 breast !

And here, when on the war-path, went the savage
 chief in pride,
 He prayed the Great Wacondah that his ear he'd
 open wide,
 And show him well the Teton's trail, the ambush
 of the Sioux,
 That from his belt a hundred scalps should fright
 his foe anew.

Ah, strange emotions thrill my soul as wandering
 here alone,
 I muse upon the tragic deeds of days forever
 flown,
 When one primeval forest hemmed these fair, broad
 prairie lands,
 Where fiercely rose the dismal whoop of prowling
 savage bands.

Farewell, ye scenes, for never-more my feet shall
 hither stray ;
 But oh, when faith within me wanes and heaven
 seems far away,

I'll mind me of a strange, lone man — a savage
yet a sage,
Who studied Nature's book and read God's name
on every page !

“ HIS OWN ACCUSER.”

“ Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.”

(Gifford's Juvenal.)

There's a grim and ghastly phantom,
Whose fierce eyes upon me stare
Like the eye-balls of a demon, —
With a crazed and burning glare ;
And no matter where I hide me,
This grim spectre still is there.

And within his bloodless fingers
Is a scroll he clutches fast,
And therein a panorama
Of the dark and evil past,
Evil records that shall curse me
While my life and being last.

With the sunbeam and as noiseless,
At the early wake of morn,
Lo, he glideth to my pillow,
And his ghastly, ghostly form
Is the first to make me sorrow
That another day is born.

All day long this gloomy shadow
With a stealthy, muffled tread,
Walks before me and about me
While I faint with awe and dread ;
And I wonder if his presence
Will be with me when I'm dead.

When the twilight shadows gather
And with broken heart I bow,
And in contrite anguish murmur
"Lord, have mercy on me now,"
This fierce demon whispers "Never.
Not on such a wretch as thou."

When heart-wearied with earth's pleasure,
I would seek a higher goal —
Some strange power holds me earthward
With a steady, firm control ;
'Tis the spectre's bony fingers
Pressing down upon my soul.

Every hope my heart has cherished, —
Every sight and sense and sound
That was wont to lift my spirit
To a higher, broader ground,
Is made hateful by the torment
That unto my life is bound.

So my soul is clad in sadness
And in sorrow all the day,
And the Future's world of sunshine
Has for me no cheerful ray,
For the Phantom's gloomy shadow
Chases every beam away.

MY LITTLE QUERIST.

"Why did my little sister come
Unless she meant to stay ?
Could anybody love her more
Than we ?" says little May.

"Why did she go ? Where did she go ?
What makes her stay away ?
Did anybody need her more
Than we ?" asks little May.

Alas, these tearful questions wake
Sad memories to-day ;
"He needs her most Who loves her most "
Is all that I can say.

THE WATER TIGER.

Have you watched the Dytiscus, and noted his
skill,

As his metal-clad craft he propels at his will ?
Now he glides along swiftly o'er smooth mimic
waves,

Now he suddenly dives to the sub-marine caves
Of his little marsh-ocean, and searches within
For such booty as only this Corsair may win.

Ah, a Corsair indeed ! From his earliest days
What a savage career his life-record betrays !
For, see ! the young larva, with murd'rous intent,
Is already a pirate on fierce carnage bent.
With his horn-plated visor he seizes his prey,
And with ready-set fangs bears it swiftly away.

Thus the poor hapless victim its life-blood must
 give
 That this infant marauder may flourish and live.
 O thou antic young tad-pole, how sad is thy fate !
 Thou hast counted the days between thee and
 a state
 Of green, velvet-clad frog-ship, but counted in
 vain,
 For thy blood-thirsty captor regards not thy pain.

Thou must perish and die ; he will fatten and
 thrive,
 To expound the grand law that the fittest survive ;
 While thy finny companions with big, bubbly eyes,
 Gaze upon thee bewildered, in silent surprise
 That a fierce Water-Tiger with bold, sudden grip
 Should cut off both thy hopes and thy tail at one
 snip!

SUBMISSION.

Lord, I am weary of debasing toil,
 Lift me, I pray Thee, to a higher plane ;
 For I would fain behold the ruby dawn
 Of promised day, — the day of peace and rest
 To those who trust in Thee. My aching feet
 Are tired, and torn with the sharp thorns of care
 As wearily I struggle on and on
 Through tangled thickets set with snares of sin.

Point out, dear Lord, that straight and narrow
way

From which I strayed, in search of Pleasure's form
That vanished ere my hand had touched her hem !

I bow my head 'neath Thy offended frown
And shrink not from thy chast'ning rod in fear ;
For well I know that when that frown hath passed,
Thy smile, approving, will new heart restore ;
And when my festering wounds shall close and
heal,

New robed and free from all unsightly scar,
Shall I in strength, and hope, and faith arise,
Filled with a peace that none but Thou canst give.

SPRING HARBINGERS.

Our Mother Earth is in her loom,
And weaving, night and day ;
Her new spring carpet must be done
Before the month of May !

Note well the stripes of red and green,
Of yellow, brown, and blue,
In warp and woof I ne'er have seen
Shades of such tender hue.

Our grand Snow-King is melting down,
And nevermore will rise ;
The icicles that spike his crown
Have dwindled, too, in size ;

His fair, round cheek reveals a scar,
 His noble Roman nose
 Gives evidence of real catarrh,
 And — see ! that robin goes

And perches on the old well-sweep,
 And strokes her glossy breast,
 Then turns and takes a doubtful peep
 Into her last year's nest.

The hill-side, just across the lake
 Shows patches, here and there
 Of snow, like some huge Christmas cake
 Picked prematurely bare ;

And at its base, a ledge, and plain
 Its naked ribs I see
 Beneath a wasting counterpane
 Once white as white could be.

And busy fingers I behold
 That weave with fairy-floss,
 As on the bare rocks hard and cold
 They spread their mats across.

Weave on, weave on, dear Mother Earth,
 Thy carpet warm and bright,
 Of warp or woof thou hast no dearth,
 And with what new delight

I'll tread thy velvet tapestry
 With beauty so replete,
 And praise the rare benignity
 That placed it 'neath my feet.

My heart leaps high, as far and wide,
Where e'er I chance to stray
I find sweet harbingers that hide
Their elfin forms away,

Down deep within the tangled woods,
With that bright swarm of B's, —
The Birds, the Butterflies and Buds
That seek such haunts as these.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

The sun shines in my outer world,
But darkness reigns within,
A fearful gloom enshrouds my soul —
The nebula of sin.

Dear Savior, smile away this gloom,
And let the sunlight in.

Sweet bird-songs cheer my outer world,
But anguish wails within.

Ambition, pride, and gross deceit
Have bound my soul in sin ;
Then, O my Savior, break these bonds,
And let the sunlight in !

Temptations throng my way without,
Remorse broods dark within ;

The chains that bind my tortured soul
Are festered o'er with sin ;
Dear Savior, send thy healing balm,
And let the sunlight in.

While pleasure gayly smiles without,
 What torment reigns within !
 And still, poor weakling that I am,
 I tread the paths of sin,
 My Savior, I am lost if thou
 Let not the sunlight in.

NO ONE TO CARRY THE KEYS.

(A Dixie Bachelor's Soliloquy.)

I've bought me a snug little cottage,
 As cozy as cozy can be ;
 Not down by the dark rolling river,
 Nor yet by the blue rolling sea ;
 But here in my own "Happy Valley,"
 Half hid by the tall, waving trees,
 But oh, what is life in a cottage
 With no one to carry the keys ?
 I turn to my desolate dwelling,
 Whene'er the day's labor is o'er,
 But find there no gentle form waiting,
 To clasp at the half-open door.
 Aunt Dinah comes in from the kitchen,
 And mumbles such phrases as these,
 "Wish Massa'd make haste and get married,
 I'm tired of toting de keys."
 My larder is full to o'erflowing,
 With vegetables, poultry and hams,
 For those with a taste more exquisite,
 I've claret, fruit, jellies, and jams.

But when at my table I linger,
 To feast on such dainties as these,
 My appetite sinks with my spirits,
 I've no one to carry the keys.

To tell of my cares and my crosses,
 Domestic'ly speaking, — would cause
 Most any young lady of feeling,
 At least for a moment to pause ;

And pausing, she then might indulge in
 Soliloquies something like these :—
 " Poor fellow, he's lonely," — and — " may-be
 He'd like me to carry the keys ! "

So when I've a few moments' leisure,
 I'll call on some fair one I know,
 I wont ask a formal permission,
 To be " for the season " her beau,

I won't swear her eyes are like diamonds,
 Nor even fall down on my knees,
 I'll just ascertain if she loves me,
 If so she shall carry the keys !

OCTOBER.

Lazy, hazy, pale October,
 Nature's Quaker, grave and sober,
 Spurning all the brilliant flowers
 Peeping forth from Summer bowers ;
 Chilling them with frown so bitter
 That their eyes with frost-drops glitter ;
 Floret-eyes with frost-drops filling
 By thy glance, so cold, so chilling.

Yet, though Quaker-like and sober,
 Thou hast many a phase, October ;
 Thou hast many a changing notion
 When thy thoughts are set in motion ;
 For to-day we find thee choosing
 Neutral tints, all else refusing ;
 Then, like some gay, dashing fellow,
 These are changed for brilliant yellow,

Indian-red, green, brown, and umber,
 Tints and half-tints without number ;
 Nature's wardrobe freely rifling,
 All to please a taste so trifling ;
 And her garments rudely rending,
 Never making, always spending, —
 Sure thou mayest be called, with reason,
 Nature's spendthrift of the season.

THE LAST REVEILLE.

Headley states, in his History of Napoleon and his Marshals, that M'Donald, while crossing the Splugen Pass with his army of fifteen thousand men, lost nearly two hundred of them, many of whom were swept away by the avalanches. A drummer, whose fall over the precipice was broken by masses of snow, reached the bottom unharmed, and for one hour beat his drum rapidly for relief. But all in vain, and he survived his fall only to die a more cruel death of cold, famine, and despair.

Old Splugen's brow grew dark with storms
 As brave M'Donald's staggering line —
 A mass of weary, war-worn forms —
 Her snowy heights began to climb.

Still boldly pressed those columns on,
While storm and wind swept fiercely past,
And "Vive I' Empereur" rang out anon,
As if to taunt the Alpine blast.

But suddenly an awful form,
Like some snow-demon hidden there,
Plunged down the mountain 'mid the storm,
While shrieks of terror rent the air.
"An avalanche!" and with the word
Each struggling column felt the blow
Which fell unaimed, which struck unheard,
And hurled them to the gulf below.

From out the drifted mass of snow
A youthful drummer feebly crept,
For he unharmed received the blow
While low in death his comrades slept.
Down deep amid those lifeless forms —
Alas! what power could aid him there? —
And 'mid the thunder-crash of storms
He beats his drum in wild despair.

The muffled sounds went ringing up
That awful precipice of snow,
While o'er despair a gleam of hope
Rose in the throbbing breast below.
Ah, how that desperate, vain appeal,
That touching, pleading, stirring call,
Went piercing like a blade of steel
To hearts whose aid was powerless, all!

And still he beat the hurried roll,
 Still upward turned his pleading eye,
 For hope yet breathed within his soul,
 "They will not leave you here to die."
 With eager gaze he scanned the steep,
 While fearful anguish rent his soul,
 And then more loudly rang the beat
 Of that long, earnest, solemn roll.

But soon the rapid strains grew less,
 And there without one pitying eye,
 Without one heart to cheer or bless,
 The poor boy lay him down to die.
 His dying strains more faintly rang,
 His wail of hopeless agony,
 Then Alpine blasts his death-dirge sang —
 He'd beaten his last reveille.

"STILL SHE KEEPS ROCKING HIM."

"Still she keeps rocking him,
 Ever caressing him,
 Brushing the hair from
 His colorless brow.
 Softly they've whispered her,
 "Life has gone out of him,"
 Gently she answers,
 "How still he is now!"

Still she keeps rocking him,
As though she would shake from him
The cold hand of death,
Like the weights from his eyes;
Rocking the clay of him
While softly the soul of him
Angels are rocking
Far up in the skies."

WHY DOES SHE WEEP FOR HIM?

(In answer to "Still She Keeps Rocking Him.")

Why does she weep for him,
Mourn and lament for him,
Craving at most
But a handful of dust?
Cold, lifeless clay at best,
Cold on her yearning breast,
Lost is her treasure,
But where is her trust?

Let her not cling to him,
Striving to fling from him
Death's chilly hand,
With its firm, frozen hold.
Death has not made the choice,
'T is but the Shepherd's voice
Calling the little lamb
Back to its fold.

Why, then, go sorrowing,
 All the day borrowing
 Memory's mourning
 And memory's gloom ?
 Rather let hope unite
 With faith's celestial light,
 Casting a halo
 Far over his tomb.

THE THUNDER BOLT.

The sky puts on its darkest frown,
 The spiteful storm comes pelting down,
 The lightning smites all hearts with fear,
 In its wild, zig-zag, mad career,
 All nature, wrapped in direst gloom,
 Quakes, as with dread, impending doom.

Through field of grass, and ripening grain
 The tempest shrills a cry of pain ;
 The opening flowret droops its head,
 The full-blown flowers their petals shed,
 And giant trees are earthward borne,
 With branches cleft, and roots upturn.

Stunned, blinded by the lightning's glare,
 As peals of thunder rend the air,
 Birds, beasts and men crouch low with fright,
 And noon-day sun is quenched in night.
 A crash ! a flame ! a cloud of smoke !
 Some home has felt the lightning stroke :

Is it yon mansion on the hill,
Or that low cot beside the mill?
The mansion! See, from every door
And window, how the fierce flames pour!
And corniced roofs, and frescoed walls
And marble floors and stately halls

Are swallowed up in flames and smoke,
For what can brave the lightning stroke?
That mystic torch with ghostly flame
And fiery speed, what hand can tame?
Thus, oft when skies are most serene,
Jove hurls a bolt, to prove, I ween,
To thoughtless man, how frail, unreal
His thread of life, his worldly weal.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

"From rise of morn till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run."
Thus sang the bard whose mellow rhyme
With dancing wave kept rhythmic time,
As musing, listless, dreamily,
He wove bright wreaths of poesy.

Thus on fair Loch Worth's sunny brae,
I sit and watch, the livelong day,
The Hudson's limpid waters run,
Bright jeweled in the noon-day sun,
Or, tempered by soft twilight's glow,
In dreamy silence onward flow.

I've marked the Rhone with hurried pace
Slip from Geneva's pure embrace,
Fair as Pygmalion's statue-bride,
And join the foul Arve, side to side ;
Yet clear, unsullied as the soul
Of cloistered nun, its waters roll
Through fertile vale, and velvet mead,
With crested wave and quickening speed,

Till hill and dale and valley fair
Its shining threads of silver wear ;
Then through the Jura's rugged side
It dashes on with foamy tide,
And bursting forth, broad, boundless, free,
It leaps into the open sea !

And I have marked the Hinter's flow ;
Dark, glacier-born 'mid Alpine snow,
It glides through crystal, emerald waves
Where lovely Constance gently laves
Her 'orchard-banks, then steals unseen
Through wooded glades and belts of green :

Unfettered in its rapid course,
Still on, with self-asserting force,
It finds, like men who pant for fame,
A broader sweep, a prouder name.
And soon upon its rugged shore
The thrifty vineyard's purple store
And castled crag, and lofty pine
Stand mirrored, — this, the Classic Rhine !

But all unmindful, here to-day,
Of crumbling crag and turret gray,
I sing the stream whose purling rills
Trip gayly down my native hills,
To swell the wave that bears along
Its gathered wealth through gorge and plain,
From Adirondack to the main.

Behold how graceful, buoyant, light,
As white-winged sea-gulls poised in flight,
The snowy sails pass, one by one,
While, from the quiver of the sun,
Long, silver arrows, glancing bright,
Cleave Irving's "River of Delight."

Fair Loch Worth, robed in royal dyes
Caught from October's brilliant skies,
I hail thee Queen! Thy leafy bowers,
Thy broidered walks, thy woodland flowers,
Thy blended beauties, manifold,
Emblazoned with autumnal gold,
Proclaim thee crowned, with wood-nymphs set
To weave thy rustic coronet ;
While Eolus in playful sport
His zephyrs sends to wake thy court
And checkered sunshine softly falls
On mossy floor and vine-clad walls.
Thus throned by wind and wave caressed,
Wear proudly then thy flower-starred crest.

LONGINGS.

Oh, how lonely this world looks to me !
 Every hill, every valley, and tree,
 Though robed in a beauty that others may see,
 Has a lonely and sad look to me.

Oh, how lonely this world looks to me !
 And I'm eagerly longing to see
 A world where no blight falls on blossom or tree ;
 Oh, how bright will that world seem to me !

Oh, how dreary this world looks to me !
 And I strive mid the darkness to see
 Some promise of light, and if any there be,
 O my God, let it shine upon me !

LIFE'S LARGESS.

In every heart some seed of goodness grows ;
 In every path some bud of beauty springs ;
 In every sky some rainbow-color glows ;
 In every hedge some woodland warbler sings ;
 And he who in life's largess hath no part,
 Hides deep an ivied ruin in his heart !

I WISH.

When storm clouds sweep the sky,
 And feathery flakes of snow
 In ermined beauty lie
 On hill and dale below,
 Oh, then I wish my heart were spotless as the snow.

When crystal raindrops fall,
And patter 'gainst the pane,
And robe with gloomy pall
The forest, field, and plain,
Oh, then I wish my heart were pure as falling rain.

When apple-blossoms fair,
Float down in fragrant showers,
And all the scented air
Is sweet as Eden's bowers,
Oh, then I wish my heart were stainless as the
flowers.

When clouds of pearly white
Light up the changing sky,
And bands of silvery light
In tranquil beauty lie,
Oh, then I wish my heart were calm as that fair
sky.

When morning's early beam
Wakes all the world anew,
And glade, and glen, and stream
Reflect her rosy hue,
Oh, then I wish my heart could wake in peace
anew.

And when the day grown old
Sinks down in drowsy rest
And bars of molten gold
Shut out the purple west,
Oh, then I wish my heart could claim its promised
rest.

THE FLOWER-GIRL OF THE
TUILLERIES.

All night in the *Palais de Justice*,
Surrounded by demons of hate,
The fair Antoinette sat awaiting
The seal of her terrible fate ;
Unblenched, with a calmness majestic,
She waited the seal of her fate.

At last the mock-trial was over,
And fixed was her sorrowful doom ;
The "Austrian" guilty of treason,
Must die at the hour of noon —
Fair child of the noble Theresa,
Ah, why should she perish so soon !

And as she went forth to her dungeon
Unmoved 'mid her pitiless foes,
A fair, girlish form glided forward
And placed on her bosom a rose —
"My sovereign," she cried, "there's one loves thee
On earth, and God pities thy woes."

Ah, Trine de la Cour, thy rash folly
Will bring thee to sorrow, I ween ;
Already thy destiny's pending,
The axe of the red guillotine
Shall cancel thine act of devotion,
And blot out thy love for the Queen !

* * * * *

All day, till the twilight's deep shadows
 Crept in at the low cottage door,
 He eagerly waited her coming,
 The aged and blind de la Cour,
 For Trine was the light of his being,
 The sunshine that played on his floor.

Within the *Conciergerie* dungeon,
 Bowed low on the cold pavement floor,
 That night found her kneeling beside him —
 His long day of darkness was o'er ;
 He woke where an earthly tribunal
 Could doom him to death never more !

Till morn thus she kept her lone vigil,
 Unheeding the sentry's slow tread,
 And as the huge doors were unbolted
 She started, and shivered with dread ;
 "O take me not from him," she whispered,
 "O leave me alone with my dead !"

Ah, why do her sad eyes thus brighten,
 Has Hope o'er her destiny cast
 One ray to enliven the future ?
 Yes, Trine, thou art rescued at last,
 For Robespierre and Danton have fallen,
 The dark reign of Terror is past !

The atheist's idols are shattered,
 Their worshipers writhe in the dust ;
 Arise then, young Christian, and praise Him
 Whom thou didst so fearlessly trust.
 He reigns the Great King of thy nation,
 The God of the faithful and just.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

There's a beautiful home in the land of the blest,
And its skies are unclouded and clear ;
Its hills and its valleys in sunshine are dressed,
Such sunshine as never glows here.

There a true Friend abides, and his love is so
pure
That it "casteth out every fear ;"
His friendship so lasting, 'twill always endure ;
Such friendship we cannot know here !

That friendship is ours, and that love we may
claim ;
And whenever life's pathway is drear,
If we look to that Friend — if we call on His name,
He will gladden our hearts, even here.

ODE TO BURNS.

The poet ploughman wrote,— long years away,
That when on earth he closed his mortal stay,
In that bright world above he'd ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome to the shore.

O poet-heart, of poet-souls the king,
Thine earthly welcome came on tardy wing,
And cold neglect thy sinking soul oppressed,
Long ere the bay thy throbbing brow caressed.

A score of years, — and Dumfries marked thy
worth,

A hundred years, — and Scotia's bells pealed forth
In mellow tones, o'er every bank and brae,
A full-voiced welcome to thy natal day.

When neath thy "hodden-grey," the kindling fire
Of genius turned thy ploughshare to a lyre,
Was this the goal thy longing soul did crave,
A breath of fame to fan an early grave ?

Ah, wise, wise world, ye might have been more
wise,

Had ye unclosed your sluggish, purblind eyes,
And looked above, when oft ye groped below :
Then, had ye learned to rescue want from woe,

To spy the grain of gold hid in the dross,
To cull the silken thread from worthless floss ;
To rank the grand designer o'er the lout
Whose clumsy toil scarce brings the pattern out.

Poetic healer, born at Nature's call,
God gave thee power to touch the wounds of all ;
For every mood, for every phase of thought
That frets or glads the soul, thy muse hath
wrought

A melody to soften and to cheer,
With grace "nae found in book, nae found in lea ;"
And as some flower in spring lifts up its head
Above the frozen blanket of its bed,

So, 'mid a stubborn soil and barren earth,
 Thy quickened fancies struggled into birth.
 Though oft thy flowret-buds with hearts of snow,
 Burst crimson-tipped with passion's heated glow,
 Full oft, exhaled they too, their sweetest breath,
 When crushed by storm that threatened blight
 and death.

In Mossgiel's frosty field, thy share upturned
 The "bonnie gem" a prouder bard had spurned,
 And that "wee sleeket-beast wi' tim'rous breast"
 Despoiled by thee of her snug, leafy nest,
 Inspired thy tender heart's most plaintive cry
 That its "puir, stibble cell" should ruined lie.

So hapless "Maillie," tethered in her woe,
 Caused thy full breast with grief to overflow.
 And ever didst thou bend with pitying ear,
 The cry of want, the plaint of woe to hear ;

And thy impulsive soul, oft stained with wrong,
 Still for the right gushed forth in fount of song.
 Thy magic lyrics, in chaste language dressed,
 To charm the maid, or fire the patriot's breast,

Waft to the weary brain a fresh delight,
 As evening zephyrs fan the brow of night ;
 Thy scathing satires hiss with rhythmic gall,
 And, "Holy Willie" seethes above them all.

Thy dirges, on the trembling air up-borne,
 Re-echo sadly "Man was made to mourn,"
 And thou didst mourn and sob thy soul away
 For her, thy "star, with ever less'ning ray."

Aye, thou couldst mourn the loss of sterling worth,
And honest tears, and bitter complaints pour forth,
And call the "hills and cliffs, and briery dens,
Wi' their black burnies wimplin' down the glens,"

To join the wail, and cry "He's frae us torn,
He's gane, he's gane, and Nature's sel' shall
mourn."

Thy pastorals, that mirror to the eye
Transcendent beauties of earth, sea, and sky,

Like Standfield's rocks, like Turner's foam-
troughed seas,

Exalt and thrill, astonish, soothe and please.

How sweetly drawn, thy clay-built cottage home,
Whence passion's glare lured thy rash feet to
roam,

And learn that life was "but a galling load
Along a rough, a hard and weary road."

How quaintly drawn, the hearthstane bright and
warm,

The straw-thatched roof secure from blast and
storm ;

• The text, "selected wi' judicious care,"
The deep-toned hymn, the solemn evening prayer ;
The father's admonition "to obey
The master's rule, and ne'er to jauk or play ;"

The thrifty wife, who to her life-work true,
"Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new,"
Love, faith, and truth that taught thy cheek to glow
With honest scorn at sight of "tinsel show."

O child of passion, swayed by grief and mirth,
Wild was the soil that gave thy fancies birth,
Twin-born there sprang, at thy swift, rash behest,
The dainty idyl and the ribald jest ;

The keen burlesque, the penitential prayer,
Remorse's wail, the pregnant "Holy Fair ;"
The hymn devout, the bitter, black'ning curse,
Made doubly black by thy invective verse.

And yet thou couldst a charity unfold
In notes that might be set to staves of gold ;
So thou couldst point, in poesy divine,
The sure safe path, of the unerring line,

And, from thine own mishaps, the moral draw
That none may rise but by the "plummet's law."
Wrecked, tempest-tossed on life's careering wave,
Thy faith still plead the Master's power to save.

And thou shalt live, thy stifled cry for fame
Is heard, and high above the princely name
Of royal line stands "Burns," and wind and wave
Waft far and wide the glory thou didst crave.

Behold across the seas, at Art's command,
Far, far from thy loved Scotia's loch-gemmed land,
Mid birds and blossoms, such companions, boon,
As shared thy songs upon the banks of Doon,

Thy princely form, in peasant garb arrayed,
In breeks, in bonnet, and in Highland plaid,
Shall stand in grace and beauty, to attest
Thy magic power to thrill the world's great breast !

And while each Scottish son with pride surveys
Thy matchless semblance,* may his warmest
 praise
To Calverley's deft hand be freely given,
The hand whose skill, — the gift divine of Heaven,
Hath shaped in beauty and in charming grace
Thy noble form, thine earnest, soul-lit face,
That speaks, through bronze and granite, deep in-
 wrought,
The proud fulfillment of thy yearning thought.

TWO LETTERS.

I pondered in sadness and sore desolation,
 My heart was as heavy as heavy could be ;
When the old iron screech-owl flew in at the sta-
 tion
 And bore 'neath his pinions a letter for me ;
 A right welcome letter, —
 I'll ask nothing better
Than this welcome letter from over the sea !
“Come back.” — Ah, how swiftly the deep desola-
 tion
 That shrouded my spirit, departed from me !
Then the old iron screech-owl flew out at the sta-
 tion,

* In allusion to the statue of the Poet in Washington Park,
Albany, N. Y.

And bore 'neath his pinions, this message from
me : —
“ I come.” — Now what better
Than this speedy letter
Could I have sent back to my love o'er the sea ?

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND.

[For sixty-five years Silas Town lay buried on this island, with no stone to mark his resting-place. It was not till July 4, 1871, that a monument was erected, as a token of respect, to the memory of a soldier and a scout in the Army of Washington.]

Where flows the Little Salmon swiftly on
In haste to meet Ontario's embrace,
A spot of green, a wave-set emerald gem,
As fair as ever in the Trosachs shone,
Sits mirrored in its fair pellucid stream.
And here, a monument like some tall ghost,
Up-rises mid a growth of chestnut trees,
Whose spreading boughs half hide the slender
shaft
On which is carved the name of Silas Town.

Now, as our light canoes salute the shore,
The fragrance of wild violets is borne
To bid us welcome to this calm retreat.
The graveled banks with sedge and rushes teem,
And in the early spring, the scented leaves
Of pink arbutus trail along the ground,
And fill the air with delicate perfume.

A strange, lone man, to secret service pledged,
A sort of Leather Stocking, yet in books
Unnamed, was he, the tenant of this isle.
He asked for no reward, he sought not fame,
He craved no title, to no rank aspired,
But toiled in secret for his country's good.
Was he a hero? History forgot
To write his name among her honored dead.

When one beholds the blossoms or the fruit
Of some majestic tree, stops he to think
Of those two secret agents hid away, —
The limpid sap — the life-blood of the tree —
And, buried out of sight, the humble roots?
Yet, were these factors to withdraw their aid,
The monarch of the wood must stand discrowned !

When bold Burgoyne moved forward from St.
John's

And, pressing southward, turned toward Crown
Point,

Securing in his march the proud control
Of lake, and river, and contested post ;
This humble scout was set to mark his course,
To calculate his numbers and his strength,
To note the sudden halt, the swift deploy,
So that his boasted strategy in war
Be turned to sad disaster and defeat.
The faithful spy, with eye and ear alert,
Lest to the savage foe he fall a prey
Before his sacred mission be fulfilled,
Soon gave to Stark and Gates the needful clew

That served in cutting off the last retreat,
And placed within their grasp the royal prize.

All honor to the heroes, laurel-crowned,
Whose names are gilded on the roll of fame ;
But let no grudging hand to-day withhold
A tardy tribute, laid with reverent care
Upon the humble grave of him who dwelt
Apart from human sympathy and love,
To win for generations yet unborn,
The crowning glory of a nation's life.

Beyond the island's rim, across the stream,
A little hamlet nestles 'mong the trees,
And near it, a small plot of ground, thick set
With head-stones. Once it held a single grave,
And on its low, white tablet, one might read :
" Lenora Hartwell, aged nineteen years."

As Enoch Arden played with Annie Lee
" Among the waste and lumber of the shore,"
So Silas Town, in early boyhood days
Played with this " pretty damsel of the port,"
Until the two grew up, approved by all
To be the sharer of each other's fate.

But lovers' quarrels through all circles run,
And jealousy, of love the secret foe,
Estranged the two, and pride held fast the door
That closed between them. Silas went to sea,
And in a year, returned to find a grave
New-made, within the grassy plot of ground
That joined to Nora's home. He turned away,

And passed his bitter hour as hopelessly
As did the Pathfinder, when he renounced
The new-born light that Mabel Dunham's love
Had shed athwart his lonely way ; and like
The Leather Stocking, turned with purpose new,
In noble abnegation of himself,
To serve his country in her hour of need.

And sorrow made him strong. The foe without,
The foe within, he bravely faced and fought ;
And when his work was done, he sought this isle,
And here in solitude his years were passed.
The friendly Indians, his only guests,
Supplied his wants, which hermit-like, were few,
And when his hour was come, he laid him down
To die, as he had lived, alone. 'Tis said
That here, two snowy flowers, with crimson lip,
And fragrant breath are found. Their counter-
parts

Ne'er seen in all the region roundabout,
Excepting two twin blossoms on the grave
Of Nora Hartwell, yonder in the grove !
Thus, each new spring, these snowy buds unfold,
With crimson lips renewing that sweet pledge
Of youthful love and constancy of soul
That time nor space nor death can e'er destroy.

THE DOWN-GRADE.

The older we git, it seems, somehow er uther,
The years they jes' pile right on top o' one nuther ;

And if I may ventur' to speak in a figger,
 To give my idees what the poets call vigger,
 I feel like a tree that is swingin' and swayin'
 In make-believe growth, with its roots all decayin' ;
 But 'taint no use sighin', and 'taint no use frettin',
 No sun ever riz without reachin' its settin'.

'The up-hill o' life, as you climb it, grows higher,
 But when you're on top, then the bottom seems
 nigher ;
 And like a train, plannin' a railroad disaster,
 The strides o' the years they grow longer and
 faster,
 Till on the down-grade, I discover I'm winnin'
 The very same p'int where I hed my beginnin' !

A CONTRAST.

You rove 'mid the beauties of roseate bowers,
 And smile at the future undimmed by a cloud ;
 In life's field of sunshine fringed round with
 bright flowers,
 No wonder you see not the pall nor the shroud.

I roam through the shades of perennial night,
 My soul clad in mourning, in sorrow and tears,
 A wilderness-world, without comfort or light,
 Where dry, withered leaves hide the graves of
 the years.

You stand 'neath the azure of youth's glowing
sky,

While rainbows of hope their bright colors unfold ;

You laugh as the fleet-winged years hurry by,
Nor dream that their number ere long will be
told ;

I stand out alone 'neath the beat of the rain,
And see all my long-cherished fancies depart,
With never a new thought to brighten my brain,
With never a new hope to gladden my heart.

The sweet voice of friendship, of solace and love,
Makes music around you to soothe every care ;
You reach not for blessings, they fall from above ;
No wonder you cling to a world that's so fair !

I stretch out my arms as I long to infold
The forms that once blessed me with friendship
and trust ;

But ah, cruel phantoms, ye mock my sad soul,
Ye flit, and I clasp but a handful of dust.

But let me not murmur, the hand is divine
That deals out my portion of bitterness here ;
O heart sorely chastened, cease, cease to repine,
For now He is nearest with comfort and cheer !

O come, gentle spirit, come heavenly dove,
And fold thy soft wings o'er this world-wearied
breast ;

I bless the kind hand that chastiseth in love —
My God and my fortress, my refuge and rest.

IN PALMER'S STUDIO.

(A Poet's Tribute to Albany's Renowned Sculptor, Erastus D. Palmer.)

Was Dædalus a myth, as poets sing,
Who fled from Minos on a waxen wing?
Ah, surely no. The Hindu faith reveals
Metempsychosis turning life's swift wheels;
And, granting this, then Art, departing, gives
New life to Art, and Dædalus still lives.

Yea, when the artist's soul new birth receives,
Its crumbling chrysalid it soaring leaves,
And seeks a truer, higher aim, I trow,
Since "New life reaps what the old life did sow."

O Sculpture, queen of all the plastic arts,
What varied charms thy subtle skill imparts!
These silent groups, in grace and beauty wrought,
Reveal the artist's introspective thought.
A mass of unshaped clay conceals for him
The wavy tress, the plump and rounded limb
Of rosy childhood, — the severe and grand
Primeval sinew of the savage hand;
The statesman's massive brow, — the shell-like lid
Neath which the Peri's sleeping eye is hid;
Sweet Morn and Eve, on fairy pinions sent,
Faith, looking to the cross in calm content;
The hidden arrow of the wily foe;
The fair White Captive, agonized with woe;
The Little Peasant's earnest questioning face,
A woodland nymph in wild unstudied grace!

Behold her stand, in mute, transfixed surprise,
With grief-drooped lid and sad, appealing eyes,
As, pierced with sorrow at her fruitless quest,
She holds with careful hands an empty nest.
Alas, my little maid, that those bright things
Our trusting hearts hold first, should first take
wings !

O gifted one, that from dull, lifeless clay
Canst make so real the scenes of yesterday,
Dramatic passion and ecstatic joy
Thy fancy and thy skill alike employ ;
For while our Little Peasant weeps her loss
An Indian Maiden finds the blessed cross !
And as her darkened soul new light receives,
Its tender radiance a halo weaves
That crowns her brow and floods her form with
light,

As morning sunbeams rend the veil of night.
No touch of nature to thy sense is lost, —
The rounded dew-drop and the ghostly frost,
The rough, hard stubble and the opening flower
Thy chisel graves with equal grace and power.

A Hemans sang — all honor to her name,
The Pilgrims' woes, and won immortal fame ;
A Weir's deft pencil limned the little band
Self-exiled, hasting from Delft-Haven's strand ;
But here is presence, life-like, strangely real,
No poet's dream, no painter's high ideal ;
Here courage battles with grim want and woe,
Defies the snarling wolf, the skulking foe, —

Rare symbols these of what the sculptor's skill
And glowing fancy may create at will.

Thus at each turn, with graphic stroke enwrought,
The pliant marble breathes his pregnant thought.
His fine detail, Lysippus well might praise,
As soul-absorbed he copies nature's ways :
From nature's perfect plan he never swerves,
But cleaves the graceful slopes, the inward curves
Of Beauty's mould, as wrought Praxiteles
Fair Phryne's form the sensuous eye to please.

And while he toils with Phidian zeal, he asks
" What meed of men shall cheer me at my tasks ?
Through what bold, final stroke shall come suc-
cess,

What Pericles shall crown, what patron bless ? "
Ah, harder than the granite's ledge-locked form
Is that cold breast that Genius fails to warm !
Yet lagging Fame too oft withholds her bays
Till eye and ear are deadened to her praise.
But ever in the poet's yearning heart
Thou'lt live, bay-crowned, the Trinity of Art.

TO A NORTHERN ROBIN.

(Written at Natchez, Miss.)

I have listened to thy carol and each note my be-
ing thrills,
For they mind me of the bird-songs of my own,
dear, native hills ;

Of the bird-songs in the forest, where the checkered
sunshine plays
With the leaflet and the floweret, in the long,
bright summer days.

Now those hills are bleak and barren, for Old
Winter holds his reign,
And he's spread a snowy mantle over every hill
and plain,
And the silvery rills and streamlets making music
through the land,
He has bound in icy fetters with a stern, relent-
less hand.

He has breathed upon the forest and the leaves
have left the bough,
For his frozen breath has chilled them and they're
faded, withered, now,
While the choir of sylvan songsters that enlivened
glen and glade,
Will no longer charm the wood-nymphs with the
music that they made.

Pretty warbler — thou'rt a stranger, and like me
hast sought a home
In this bright and sunny region where the storm-
king dares not come ;
Let us sing and make glad music for the welcome
we have met,
And the songs which breathe of home-land, be un-
mingled with regret.

HOMELESS.

December's blasts blew wild without,
 A storm of wind and sleet ;
 God pity all on such a night
 Whose homes are in the street !
 God pity all on such a night
 Where'er their feet may roam,
 Whose hearts are pining for the joys
 Of earth's bright, happy home !

Before a stately mansion knelt
 A frail and shivering form,
 Imploring aid to shield her from
 The cold arms of the storm ;
 But soon a loud and angry voice,
 In harsh, discordant tone,
 With threats and curses loudly raved,
 And bade the wretch begone.

Once more the chilled limbs staggered on,
 Half-crazed, half-clad, — alone,
 And then that wild and pleading face
 Grew pallid as the stone
 On which it lay in hopeless woe,
 And thus beneath the storm
 Death wrapped a winding-sheet of snow
 Around a frozen form.

With gentle hand they raised her from
 Her cold and icy bed —
 Alas, a coffin wrought of gold
 Is nothing to the dead !

Too late did Charity extend
The boon she might have given ;
That starving heart had found at last
A rest and home in heaven.

A LESSON.

A corn-stalk glanced down at some grasses,
And said in an arrogant tone,
I wish that my fawning relations
Would move off and leave me alone.

Just see how they mix with the clovers,
And nod at their red and white crests ;
And even the poor silly daisies
They're ready to welcome as guests !

No wonder each morn when they waken,
Their eyelids are heavy with tears,
Through envy of my rustling raiment,
And the gold drops that shine in my ears.

'Tis true, we've a common venation ;
But that needs not addle their brains ;
They're born to a lowly position,
There's no blood of mine in their veins.

With that she threw back her silk tassels,
And left them to wave in the breeze,
Nor took further note of the grasses
That timidly crouched at her knees.

In Autumn, a reaper discovered
 The corn-husk all withered and dried,
 So he stripped off her bright golden ear-drops,
 And ruthlessly cast her aside ;

And when the next Spring's glowing sunshine
 Caused Nature her white robe to doff,
 And the earth showed a few snowy patches,
 Like a cake with the frosting picked off,

I said of the pale, slender fingers
 That the roots of the grasses sent forth,
 Ah, surely, the proud are made stubble,
 And the meek shall inherit the earth !

MY REAL ESTATE.

I'm not purse-proud, nor do I meet,
 With head erect and glance of scorn,
 My humble neighbor in the street —
 An honest man, but lowly born,
 Who unlike me no gains may rate
 By ownership of real estate.

My title's good — "to have and hold,"
 The deed reads thus, and "to my heirs
 And assigns in fee simple" — sold
 To me and mine forever ; dares
 Then any man presume to prate
 Of doubts concerning my estate ?

My property's not gone to waste,
For large improvements I have made ;
Two costly mansions reared with taste,
And handsome grounds and pleasant shade
Charm all alike, both poor and great,
Who loiter near my grand estate.

O'er marble fronts — Italian stone —
The clustered ivy creeps and clings,
While just above, with plaintive tone,
A robin in the willow sings ;
Her song but bids me curse my fate
For ownership of such estate !

Amid the willow's boughs is hid
Her little nest securely made,
And never 'neath a coffin-lid
Has she a single birdling laid,
Nor mourns she wildly for her mate
To share with her life's bright estate.

Nor beats she madly with her wing
Against a stony marble door,
That yields no bolt, nor bar, nor spring —
Closed, closed to her for evermore ;
My God ! why did a cruel fate
Bequeath to me such sad estate ?

Look up, my soul, thy faith renew,
Nor longer o'er thy sorrow brood ;
This promise holds forever true —
All things together work for good
To them who love the Lord, and wait
To share with him his rich estate.

A few more griefs, a few more tears,
 Then be this precious promise claimed ;
 Though slowly drag the lengthened years
 Of loneliness that ne'er was named,
 I know that heavenly mansions wait
 The crowned heirs to Christ's estate.

TWILIGHT IN WASHINGTON PARK.

I sit alone, at twilight, in the park,
 And feel night's mantle wrap me, fold on fold ;
 I watch the fire-fly's evanescent spark,
 And as the shadows deepen, I remark
 The dandelion hide away her gold.

A molten globe seems hanging in the West
 Above the boughs that fringe the crimson sky,
 And sinks at last, to leave the world at rest ;
 The birds have sought their homes, each little nest
 Well guarded by the mother's watchful eye.

I silent sit, and watch the motley train
 That treads these bordered walks, these wind-
 ing ways ;
 Souls foul with sin, and souls without a stain,
 Eyes pleasure-lit, and faces blanched with pain
 Pass swiftly on, lost in the deepening haze.

I love this ghostly twilight that appears
 Film-like upon the dying orb of day ;
 I love the cricket's note that soothes and cheers
 The pensive earth, o'erspread with dewy tears,
 As if she wept the sun's departing ray.

Oh, for the blessed twilight of that day
When life's swift race shall reach its restful
close !
When, like a child grown weary of its play,
We'll cross the dear home threshold, there to lay
The hidden, heavy burden of our woes.

EVERY DAY.

How high the hill to which I fain would climb !
The very topmost height I hoped to gain,
And still the long-sought summit towers sublime,
Towers 'mid the clouds and I look up in vain.

Look from the valley where my course began,
Look in an eager, wistful, longing way,
Each chance and counter-chance alike to scan,
Still resting where I rested yesterday.

Oh, how I yearn to rise above the ills —
The ills that nobler minds can never know —
For lo ! a little breeze may fret the rills
That plays unheeded o'er great ocean's flow !

I read a poet's newest thought, and then
What wild desires my longing heart assail,
To soar in name above my fellow-men,
The highest pinnacle of Thought to scale !

But helpless all to feed these fierce desires,
My soul cries out in agony untold ;
I seem to be encaged by prison wires,
While just outside is all I seek to hold.

Yet when the Warden Death would set me free,
The fiery drops within my hot veins freeze,
And though my life seems but a mockery,
I shake with terror at his clanking keys.

How worse than vain for any common weed
To crave the rose's perfumed, trimson blush,
Or for the swallow, perched upon a reed,
To ape the carol of a warbling thrush !

Or that a rough, brown gourd should loud bewail
That it had not the melon's purple ring,
Or that the slimy, slow-paced, plodding snail
Should claim the humming-bird's swift, giddy
wing !

The bird, the fruit, and insect all perform
Their given mission in their given way,
The flower and weed their destined spheres adorn,
And shall I be less sensible than they ?

Go, false Ambition, from my dreaming brain,
Come, sweet Contentment, to my heart and
home,
And never let the Siren's voice again
Tempt me from Duty's open path to roam.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

May thy life-sheet be as spotless
As the page on which I write,
May each line of thought be stainless,
As the early sunbeam's light ;

May thy soul be virtue's mirror,
Clear and pure as heaven's blue,
May the star that guides thy future,
Lead thee ever to the True ;

May each name in thy heart's album
Be transcribed with thine, and placed
In the Book of Life eternal
Nevermore to be effaced.

CRYPTOGAMIA.

The rocks away up on the hillside,
To jagged proportions had grown,
Because the white cheeks of the snow drifts
Were wasted away to the bone.

For winter, like Lear in his dotage,
In soft robe of ermine lay down,
And gave unto Spring, his fair daughter,
His icicle sceptre and crown.

But she, with true regal displeasure,
Her royal endowments dashed down,
And chose for her sceptre a sunbeam,
And jeweled with rain drops her crown.

And that's why the rocks on the hillside
To jagged proportions had grown,
And that's why the cheeks of the snow drifts
Were wasted away to the bone.

But when the fair lichens and mosses
 A view of the bare ledges caught,
 Right nimbly, with bright, busy fingers,
 A robe of soft velvet they wrought.

A mixed robe of green and of yellow,
 Bespangled with purple and red,
 And o'er the bare backs of the ledges
 Their ready-wrought mantle they spread.

And the lady-fern gave of her treasure,
 A fringe that were fit for a queen,
 And the club-moss and ground-pine appended
 Their bright, showy tassels of green.

And even the Quaker-like mushroom
 On tiptoe stood up on his stool,
 And spread his broad brim a bit wider,
 To keep the air pleasant and cool.

A flower of the trailing arbutus
 Lay fainting in noontide's broad blaze,
 Her carmine-tipped lips sadly paling,
 And parched by the sun's fiery rays ;

A larch tree, whose arms outward spreading
 Beneath, a green bower had made,
 Looked down at the poor, drooping flow'ret
 And gathered her into his shade.

Then setting his leaves for the dew drops,
 He gathered a plentiful shower,
 And dropped them right softly and gently
 Upon the white face of the flower.

And lo ! the next morn, a sweet perfume
Stole up from the larch's green bower,
A silent and fragrant thanksgiving
From out the red lips of the flower.

* * * * *

O you who with wealth are still beggared,
Because you are childless and lone,
Remember the backs of the ledges
By flowerless lichens o'ergrown.

Forget not the dying arbutus,
The larch's kind shadow and dew ;
Oh ! surely if such have a mission,
There must be love-labor for you.

Some poor, naked back needs a mantle,
Which your wealth and leisure may give ;
Some faint, hungry heart craves a morsel,
Oh, nourish it, bid it to live.

Wherever, on life's dusty highway
The thin hands of want stretch to you,
Turn not from your God-given mission,
But Oh ! to your *life-work* be true.

A CAROL.

The day is short, the night is long,
Thus sang one of the feathered throng,
And I took up his rippling song
And wove it into verse ;

And this is what he sang to me
From his green bower in the tree : —

“ Bad luck, however bad it be,
May be a trifle worse.

“ All have their day, each has his ‘ fling,’
When he can hop, and swirl, and swing,
And when I droop my speed-spent wing,

I’ll strive my merry best
To ring out on the trembling air,
A melody so free from care
That all who hear my lay shall share
The peace that fills my breast.

“ I will not mope and fold my wing,
Because, perchance, it lacks the spring
Or speed that youth and vigor bring ;

But through the whole day long,
My notes in warbling praise shall rise
To Him, the great, the good, the wise,
Who taught me through the azure skies
To wing my way in song.”

The day is short, the night is long,
Then let the sweetest memories throng
To make the burden of life’s song

Replete with calm content ;
Let it resound with notes of cheer,
Unchoked by grief, unchecked by fear,
As earth recedes, and heaven draws near,
And life and love are blent.

AN INCIDENT.

(A mother who was permitted to enter the prison cell of her son begged that she might remain and share his punishment, confessing with tears and lamentations that she had never taught him how to pray.)

Don't cry so, Tom, thou shalt not bear
The blame and punishment alone ;
Thy mother begs one-half to share,
Here, kneeling on this floor of stone.

Nay, do not speak, but hear it all,
I must confess — or I go mad,
Right here within this prison wall,
The wrong that I have done thee, lad.

I never taught thy lips to pray,
I never taught thy knees to bow,
And to thy Heavenly Father say,
“ Lord, keep me safe from evil now.”

And when the red wine sparkled bright,
I did not hurl the cup away ;
No felon's cell were thine to-night,
Had I but taught thee *then* to pray.

And when at midnight, on the way
To some low den, I marked thy track ;
I did not kneel with thee, and pray
That God would bring the wanderer back.

So let me share thy clanking chain,
And through the night and through the day,
I'll plead — oh, shall I plead in vain ?
That God will teach thee how to pray.

RETROSPECTIVE.

We live to learn, — we learn to live,
 E'en when the well-springs of each joy
 No longer their sweet waters give,
 To make life glad without alloy.

We hazard all when Love is kind,
 So full, so perfect is our faith ;
 And weep in silence when we find
 Our idol but a monster wraith.

For I have known, or thought I knew
 A friend of peerless heart and mind,
 But now I hold the adage true
 " A trusty friend is hard to find."

And I have known, or thought I knew
 True happiness beneath the sun,
 But ah, what phantoms we pursue,
 And how they vanish, one by one !

THE HEN WITH ONE CHICK.

A-near the barn, with due regard
 To size, the spot selected
 For Farmer Thrifty's poultry-yard
 Was warm and well protected.

And, though his fowls were clumsy things,
 And fat from overfeeding,
 They'd proudly flap their ugly wings
 And crow of their high breeding.

But just outside, in meager plight,
Unsheltered and unguarded,
A poor, lone hen caught with delight
The bits which they discarded ;

And by her side a scrawny chick,
A pink-eyed, puny peeper,
That she stroked gently with her beak,
Then scratched for crumbs the deeper.

And, though she sought with hungry bill
Each fruitful spot to pick in,
No morsel did she taste until
She'd first supplied her chicken.

One day the Storm King blew a blast
That made the boldest shiver,
And froze with fear the rippling laugh
That dimpled o'er the river.

The frightened fowls, from near and far,
A sheltered screen were seeking,
For Nature's doors seemed all ajar,
And every hinge a-creaking.

The poor, lone hen looked here and there,
And stretched her neck and listened
And something very like a tear
Within her sad eye glistened.

Then, as the wind raved loud and high,
She clucked and croaked together,
As if to say, "Where shall we hie
To shield us from the weather?"

Now, moved with pity past her will
 At such a sad exposure,
 A Bantam mother thrust her bill
 Outside the fenced inclosure,

And, calling, said, "Poor creature, though
 I pity your condition,
 My family are bred, you know,
 In very high position ;

But, out of charity, I'll dare,
 To keep you both from begging,
 To take your chick and let it share
 My wings and soft, warm legging

The same as my own precious brood,
 And thus I'll feed and rear it,
 But you elsewhere must seek your food,
 And never more come near it."

Beneath her wings, close to her breast,
 She gathered up her treasure,
 And ruffling to her very crest,
 Thus cackled her displeasure :

"Your charity is dearly bought
 When I my heart must smother,
 And let my only child be taught
 To disrespect its mother.

Since you despise the poor and frail
 Because of their position,
 Your pity never can avail
 To better their condition.

No, no ; I'll search through glade and glen,
There'll be some spot to pick in,
And 't is a poor and worthless hen
That can't scratch for one chicken."

A FRAGMENT.

A leafless tree sways to and fro
Before my cottage door to-day,
Its rifled finery, heaped below,
Is marred with mildew and decay ;
A discontented sparrow swirls
Among the branches dry and bare,
That gleam with trembling crystal pearls
Wrought by some raindrops frozen there.

I watched this stately tree in spring,
And saw each baby-leaf unfold ;
I saw it don its summer sheen,
And saw it browned with autumn's gold ;
But now that wintry winds sweep by,
And leave it desolate and bare,
I say 'tis better far to die
Than stand storm-swept in mute despair !

To die — for oft the boon of death
Is better than the gift of life.
The one is but a passing breath,
The other, years of sin and strife.

I, too, wear pearls, — not frozen gems,
But scalding drops that burn and sear
My furrowed cheek. The withered stems
Of yonder tree, another year,
Will smile in beauty, and again
A baby-leaf, with tender hue,
Will stir the chilled blood in each vein,
And waken it to life anew.
But never more shall come to me
The joy that made this world so fair —
Since thou art fled, O Constancy,
I stand storm-swept in mute despair.

DEATH OF TASSO.

“The worthiest poets have remained uncrowned
Till death has bleached their foreheads to the bone.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

St. Onofrio's wrapt in gloom,
And soft each footstep falls,
While ghostly shadows play upon
Her stern and dusky walls ;
And all night long her holy friars
Have prayed with trust that never tires.
And here secure from worldly blast,
From worldly care and thought,
Italia's poet finds at last
The rest his soul hath sought ;
And while he lists the chanting friars
He hears the tone of heavenly lyres !

The morning dawns — no golden beam
An entrance finds within ;
It matters not, the taper's gleam
Sheds light enough for him ;
He sleeps in peace, while to his breast
The crucifix is closely pressed.

That lofty spirit wont to soar
O'er high, celestial ground,
St. Anne's dark dungeon-walls no more
May weigh with sorrow down ;
No more he'll weep in wild despair
His seven years of anguish there.

All joy, all hope, all love of life
Were lost to him ; for lo,
The world's ingratitude and strife
Had willed it should be so ;
And what were e'en a happier lot
If Leonora shared it not ?

O faithful and forgiving heart,
No mortal ere hast borne
Such grievous wrong, such cruel smart,
With less of hate and scorn ;
Thou wast of those whose lyres are given
To strike on earth the notes of heaven !

Argantes' foul ingratitude,
In piercing Dudon's breast
With falchion that his prince bestowed,
No sharper sting possessed
Than false Alphonso's venom'd steel,
Which opened wounds no art could heal.

Of Godfrey's deeds and noble end
 In story thou hast wrought
 Poetic wreaths, where sweetly blend
 The fairest flowers of thought ;
 The laurel wreath entwined for thee
 Withers before such poesy !

Clarinda's acts of valor done,
 Herminia's bashful love,
 Rinaldo's conquest bravely won,
 Aladdin's swift remove,
 The Christian's prayer, the pagan's curse
 Thou'st woven too in matchless verse.

Thy spirit-eyes now view at last
 The New Jerusalem,
 The city whence our Savior passed
 From 'neath the scourge of men ;
 Where pagan feet shall ne'er invade
 The temple which our God hath made.

The laurel crown twined for thy brow
 Now rests upon thy bier ;
 Ah, little need of garlands now
 Hast thou in yon bright sphere.
 Thou hast a crown more bright, I ween,
 Than e'er was worn by Egypt's queen !

FRIENDSHIP — WHAT IS IT ?

It is not a shadow, a vapor, a breath,
 'Tis wholly immortal and cannot know death ;

It is not a sunbeam that fades with the day,
 It is not a vision that glideth away ;
 'Tis faithful, 'tis patient, 'tis cautious, 'tis wise,
 'Tis honest in all things, it scorns all disguise ;
 It paints every virtue, it hides all defects,
 It pardons all errors, o'erlooks all neglects ;
 Unselfish, most noble, most gen'rous, most just,
 Believing, confiding, delighting to trust ;
 Deep, tender in feeling, in sympathy strong,
 Commending the right and forgiving the wrong ;
 Most ardent, most active in trial and need,
 True, earnest, transparent in thought, word, and
 deed ;
 A stranger to flattery, falsehood, and art,
 Its destiny, heaven ; its earth-home, the heart.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Down by the sea, held in fashion's strong tether,
 Poor martyrs to style, how they huddle together,
 Hearts, heavy as lead, and heads, light as a feather,
 Ah, me !

What dresses, what laces, what forms and what faces
 Whereon are no traces of grief that lies deep
 As the sea !

Down by the sea-side, gay people are thronging,
 Discarding home-comforts for which they are long-
 ing,
 To live in their trunks — which a score are near
 pawning
 For debt.

What flattering, lying, what simpering, sighing,
 What envying, vicing, what selling and buying
 Of hearts that for long years have been marked
 "To let!"

Down by the sea-side, where diamonds are gleam-
 ing,
 Where ribbons and ringlets in union are streaming,
 Where smiles most bewitching and bright eyes are
 beaming
 On all,
 What whispers, what glances, what day-dreams,
 what fancies,
 What life-like romances, what freedom,
 What thrall!

Down by the sea, where all ages and station
 To Terpsichore bow in profound adoration,
 Where swift-flying feet seek no other foundation
 Than air,
 What graceful confusion, what charming delusion,
 What studied seclusion of true thoughts
 Are there!

Down by the sea-side, where dash the wild billows,
 Where wave after wave makes the mermaid's
 white pillows,
 Where tall masts bow low as the boughs of the
 willows,
 When old Neptune raves,

What strange spell comes o'er us, an ocean before
us,

Its music a chorus — a wild, broken chorus
Of those who are sleeping beneath
Its cold waves !

THE OLD BELL.

"The old Kingsboro Bell was donated to that church by Daniel Potter, in 1822. One cold, rainy day in December, 1866, it was heard to crack, and upon examination, it was found to be so much injured as to be no longer serviceable. It weighed 632 pounds, and performed its duty faithfully forty-four years."

A DIRGE.

I weep, while others, glad, rejoice,
Then why these falling tears ?
I weep for thee whose warning voice
Rang out full two score years
In monitorial notes so clear —
O'er every hill and dell
That even now I seem to hear
Thine echoes, silent Bell ?

When spring came tripping o'er the hills
With light, elastic tread,
Or summer's silver-sandaed rills
Adown the mountains sped,
Thy voice arose with mellow tone
O'er valley, hill, and dell,
Alas, the days forever flown
With thee, dear Village Bell !

When autumn, robed in purple gown,
 All spangled o'er with gold
 By many a stern and chilly frown
 Old winter's wrath foretold,
 Thy voice to me seemed to repeat
 A dirge in every swell,
 Ah, how my heart responsive beat
 To those sad tones, dear Bell !

And when the hills all pallid grew
 Beneath a snowy crest,
 And every trembling warbler flew
 To seek a warmer nest,
 With startling tone upon the air
 Thy voice went forth to tell
 The hour for worship, or for prayer,
 Thou faithful Sabbath Bell !

How merrily thy peals did swell
 Upon each bridal morn,
 What destinies thou didst foretell
 Of paths without a thorn,
 Of homes where love, and faith, and trust
 Alone should sweetly dwell, —
 Ah, hearts that molder in the dust,
 Forget those chimes, old Bell !

The gray-haired pastor * long inurned
 Beneath the tufted sod,
 The new-born infant just returned
 Unsullied to its God,

* Rev. Elisha Yale, D. D.

The dear old teacher * — ah, those years, —
We loved him passing well,
Alas, alas, these blinding tears
Fall faster now, old Bell !

Then let me sing thy requiem
And weep the years long fled,
For thou didst toll a knell for them,
The dear, departed dead ;
And when my voice like thine is hushed,
Oh, may its teachings swell
Some faithful heart with loving trust
To sing my dirge, old Bell !

THE LAST SUPPER OF THE GIRONDISTS.

“ A wealthy friend, who had escaped proscription and was concealed in Paris, agreed to send them a sumptuous banquet the night after their trial, which banquet was to prove to them a funeral repast or a triumphant feast, according to the verdict of acquittal or condemnation.” — *Life of Madame Roland*.

Bright o'er the dungeon walls,
Bright as in festal halls,
Not as when moonlight falls,
Radiantly tender ;

* Horace Sprague, M. A.

But with a dazzling glare
Blazed the red flambeaux there,
Flooding the prison bare
 With noonday splendor.

Rusty the gratings old,
Heaps of straw damp with mold,
Prison-walls stern and cold,
 Beaten and battered ;
On this abode of hell
Weirdly the torch-lights fell,
While through each vault and cell
 Chains clanked and clattered.

There, where Death's hollow tread
Sent back an echo dread,
There the rich board was spread,
 Lavishly splendid ;
And as each fated guest
Round the rare banquet pressed,
Mocked they with jeers and jest,
 Till it was ended.

Rich were the viands spread,
Sparkling the wines and red,
As they, the living dead,
 Drained the rare essence.
Ah, 'twas a strange burlesque,
Figures and forms grotesque
Scoffing with reckless jest
 Death's awful presence.

Men with rough beards unshorn,
Haggard, and wild, and worn,
Quaffed till the rays of morn
 Softly had risen ;
Then with the early dawn,
Pressed by an eager throng,
Robespierre, with saber drawn,
 Entered the prison.

Red-heeled the monster strode,
Scanning the drear abode,
While his grim visage glowed
 Fiendishly hateful ;
And as he turned to go
Calmly spoke Vergniaud :
“ Ye shall reap as ye sow —
 This makes me grateful.”

Thundered the raging fiend,
Then in his wrathful spleen,
“ Lo, on the guillotine
 This very morning,
Wretch, for thy taunting tone
Justice shall bare the bone ;
Reap ye what I have sown,
 Heed well my warning.”

Many an earnest prayer
Rose on the morning air ;
Many a heart laid bare
 All its foul error.

Clear beamed the Christian's light,
 Dark gloomed the skeptic's night,
 As at the fearful sight
 Quailed he with terror.

Thus closed Death's pantomime,
 Played on the shores of time,
 Solemn and most sublime,
 Fearfully tragic.
 Thus did each spirit's pall
 Down o'er the foot-lights fall,
 Veiling in darkness, all,
 As if by magic.

MISSIONS.

Thrice gifted he, and blest above his kind,
 Whose name resounds with praise throughout
 the land,
 As from the glittering casket of his mind
 He scatters jewels with a lavish hand.

Thrice honored he, and blessed in all his store,
 Who hears the cry of want throughout the land,
 And from his golden coffers running o'er
 Dispenses bounties with a princely hand.

But honored, lauded, blessed above them all,
 Is he who lists the cry throughout the land
 Of broken, bleeding hearts, whose cups of gall
 O'er-brim by Sorrow's unrelenting hand —

Tired, aching hearts that seek, but all in vain,
Some gleam of comfort and of peace to find
In that which least of all can soothe their pain,
The coruscations of a brilliant mind.

But, Oh, the healing words that Kindness breathes,
That pity dictates in her soothing strain ;
They fall, as rain-drops fall on drooping leaves,
To cheer them into life and strength again.

If e'er I've made one sinking heart more light,
If e'er I've wiped one scalding tear away
From cheeks whereon the rose had faded quite,
From eyes where hope beamed forth no gentle
ray,

Then has my life-task been not wholly vain,
Then is the meed I sought securely won,
And when my own sad heart shall cease its pain
I'll hear the plaudit, "Thou hast kindly done."

IN CONCLUSION.

I will not say the years for me have had
No genial spring, no cheerful summer-glow,
Because the winter of my life is sad,
As on my lonely way I tearful, go.

I will not say it had been better far,
Had I ne'er tasted of life's mystic wine,
Because perchance, the rays from Hope's pure star
Across my darkened path but feebly shine.

I will not grudge the quiet peace of glad
 Free lives that all unruffled, onward flow ;
I will not say that all the world is bad,
 Because one selfish soul hath wrought me woe.

Somehow, somewhere, and by some hidden hand
 I shall be led into the open light ;
And as a soldier waits his chief's command
 So do I, patient, bide my weary night.

LESSONS FROM THE STOICS.



HAPPINESS.

“If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault: for God made all men to be happy.”—*Epictetus*.

My day was dark, across the sky
The storm king's sable train went sweeping,
The wind in fitful gusts sped by,
And all the clouds were moved to weeping.

My soul was sad. — “Ah, life is drear,”
I said in tones of deep repining;
Then fell this answer on mine ear, —
“Thy grief is not of God's designing;

Art sad? then child, the fault is thine.
Be happy, for thy Maker wills it;
Art thou athirst for Life's best wine?
Hold thou thy cup, and lo, He fills it!”

For words so fraught with power to save,
Across the centuries out-reaching
Thanks be to a poor Phrygian slave,
Who lent his life to holy teaching.

Heart-crowned with jewels of content,
 He sat enthroned, this Pagan stoic ;
 For in his dauntless soul were blent
 A purpose high, and faith heroic.

So, friends, when storms come pelting down,
 And Hope's fair skies refuse to greet us,
 With brows unfurrowed by a frown,
 Let's calmly walk with Epictetus.

CONTENTMENT.

"I am always content with what happens; for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose." — *Epictetus*.

Rejoice in your station, whatever it be,
 If you win but one laurel, why, wear it !
 The robin sings best in the top of the tree,
 And the poet sings best in his garret.

Fate placed us on earth in our separate spheres, —
 Then how useless, how weak, is repining ;
 Why should we look *downward* half blinded by
 tears
 For the star that *above* us is shining ?

If vainly we yearn for a pleasure to come
 That awaits us on some glad to-morrow,
 Or, sighing, look back to the joys that are gone,
 What is left for the present but sorrow ?

Go stand by the casement and lift up your eyes
When the twilight to darkness is turning ;
There are black-bordered chasms way up in the
 skies

But bright stars on their edges are burning !

The heart will be heavy, the way will seem dark,
And Grief's serried hosts may o'ertake us ;
But life's darkest caverns are lit by a spark
From the star that shall never forsake us.

MODERATION.

“ Into what dangerous and miserable servitude does he fall,
who suffereth pleasure and sorrow (two unfaithful and cruel
commanders) to possess him successively.” — *Seneca*.

The Stoic saith : Be moderate,
Thy fiery passions tame,
Be not too ardent in thy hate,
Thy love, thy praise, thy blame.

Hast thou some secret idol sought
For worship set apart ?
Nay, idol-worship ne'er hath brought
Contentment to the heart.

Hath dire revenge thy spirit stirred,
Thy stormy bosom rent ?
Nay, dire revenge hath ne'er conferred
The crown of sweet content.

Let time and circumstance make test
 Of every tinsel prize,
 Lest blinded impulse in thy breast
 O'er keen-eyed judgment rise.

Set thou a limit to thy mirth,
 A limit to thy woe,
 So shall thy days upon the earth
 In tranquil pleasure flow.

THE MEASURE OF WORTH.

"Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself." — *Marcus Aurelius*.

What is thy worth, O brother man,
 What proud achievement hast thou done?
 Since first life's little hour began
 What hast thou lost? What hast thou won?

Hast bartered virtue with the fiend
 Who gave thee in return but dross?
 Then is thy soul forever weaned
 From calm content. — Oh, may the loss

Of thy slain innocence but leave
 A space for pity in thy breast,
 So that thy careful hands may weave
 The robe that Charity loves best.

What is the goal that lures thine eyes
 In life's o'er-heated, veering race?
 Has honor struggled for the prize?
 Has deed with theory kept pace?

Hast ever rescued from the brink
Of dark temptation's foul abyss
One blinded soul? Worth's brightest link
Had bound thee for a deed like this.

The Stoic's philosophic height
Thy stumbling feet may ne'er attain;
And restless care and sorrow's blight
May clog the heart, and dull the brain;

But hold the Pagan's proverb true,
Through all thy pilgrimage on earth,
That what thou findest best to do
Will be the measure of thy worth.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

COALS OF FIRE.

Old Deborah Dare wasn't what you'd call rich,
Nor yet was she poverty-stricken : indeed,
She always "made do" with a crumb or a stitch,
When her larder ran low or her gown went to
seed ;
And to borrow ! she always affirmed with much
spite,
That the ant served the poor little cricket just
right.

One Saturday night as old Deborah sat
By her fire-lit hearth, toeing off a wool sock,
At her door came the faint, feeble ghost of a rap,
Then the door-latch clicked twice like the tick
of her clock.

"It is some of that borrowin' tribe" said Miss
Dare,

"But I won't ask 'em in, nor I won't set a chair."

Rap-tap, went the knuckles as plain as could be,
(Miss Deborah's needles worked on at the toe.)

"They owe me already two drawin's of tea,
And they haint brought my flat irons back and
they owe

Me an egg, and nine chances to ten
But they'll borrow, next summer, my old settin'
hen."

Then a weak voice piped out, "Please, Miss De-
borah, do

Just open the door, and I'll run right away :
I've brought a wee bit of a present for you,
To-morrow is Christmas you know, and that
day

Is always so lonesome," — then followed a pause, —
"If you haint got no friends and no Old Santa
Claus.

Here's a pullet all dressed, and a saucer-mincepie,
And a big winter squash, — but my shawl is so
thin,

And my hands are so cold, I'm fraid I shall cry,
But I'm tryin' hard not to, so please let me in
And I'll just leave your goodies, and run right
away,

For I haint come to borrow a thing nor to stay."

What was it that blinded Miss Deborah's eyes
As she opened the door on that cold wintry
night?

Her "borrowin'" neighbor — oh, what a surprise,
Had rendered ten-fold for the pitiful mite
She had grudgingly loaned her, — "Well, I do de-
clare

These are real coals of fire " said Deborah Dare.

THE ORPHAN PRINCE.

A little child whose story-book had fallen at his
side,
Was brushing off a pearly tear; I asked him why
he cried;
With sob suppressed he faltered low, "The young
king's mamma died."

"'T was many years ago," I said, "the young
king's happy now;
He does not wear an earthly crown to deck his
royal brow;
A brighter diadem he wears, and so, my child,
shalt thou."

"But oh, the cruel blows!" he cried — a sob was
in his tone —
"Just think how sad he must have been in prison
all alone!
And then they beat and starved him so,—their
hearts were made of stone."

"What was the young king's name?" I said.
"'T was little Charles; you see
Here in my picture-book he's kneeling at his
mother's knee.
I guess she called him 'Charlie,' too as my mamma
does me.

And don't you see those fierce, bad men half-hid-
den by the screen?

Well, once they came and bound her fast, although
she was a queen,
And killed her with a wicked axe they called a guil-
lotine.

And then the little orphan king grew sadder every
day ;
A cobbler was his jailer — I'd have tried to run
away ;
But oh, he feared him so he didn't even dare to
pray.

And later, when he older grew and got to be a
man,
His jailors kept him just the same in prison at
Milan ;
It grieves me so that even now I hate them all I
can."

"Not so, my child ; your heart," I said, "should
never harbor hate.
Now listen while I tell you of the little monarch's
fate,
And then you'll see how God esteems the good
above the great.

Those savage men whose bloody deeds your story-
book has shown
Were sadly punished for their crimes ere many
years had flown,
And went to answer for their sins before the Judge's
throne.

But he, the little orphan king, a pious monk be-
came,
A gentle, quiet Christian man, who sought no
worldly fame,
Nor even wished his royal throne to occupy or
claim.

Though in a splendid palace born, at last from
want and woe
He sought the friendly shelter of the monks of
Vaux-Renaud,
And learned how feeble is the power of kings and
crowns below.

And thus, my boy, you learn from this that even
kings must die
And go before the great white throne of Him who
reigns on high,
And answer for their deeds wrought here the same
as you and I."

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S TRIALS.

'T was nigh unto Wednesday, that much-dreaded
day,
When thoughts are as scarce as a snow-flake in
May ;
Or, if an idea in strolling about
Creeps into the brain it will fail to creep out.

I had chosen at least twenty different themes ;
At first I selected the land of my dreams, —
The land where Queen Mab in her mystical robe
Makes you richer than Croesus or poorer than
Job ;

Where Morpheus beckons with many a nod,
And o'er the dominions proclaims himself god.
But this was too sleepy a subject and then
I penned down a thought, and then thought of —
my pen,

When suddenly paper and pen were resigned,
For the words of my teacher rushed into my mind ;
Yes, doubly emphatic they came to me now,
Bereft of all promise, — a nearly made vow.

And these were the words that distinctly arose :
“ Hereafter endeavor to write simple prose ;
Your next composition I think I'll decline,
Unless you're inspired to write it in rhyme.”

Now why should these words be remembered so
late ?

I had written a line and looked after its mate,
And though it matched smoothly as need be de-
sired,

'T was plain when I wrote it I was not inspired !

My lessons were hard, all exertion was vain,
For ciphers like hailstones were sent at my name,
And when at my “standing” I ventured to look,
Behold, not a “10” could I find on the book !

To muse o'er my trials alone I retired,
And thought, "By what process are poets in-
spired ? "

'T is said that some rhymsters their poetry grind,
But no such machinery do I seek to find.

If that be the surest and only resort,
I fear that my stanzas will be few and short,
For rather than turn out such poems as those
I'll clip off my rhymes and declare my work prose.

And here I would venture to make the appeal,
Let me feel what I write, let me write what I feel ;
And though I may not be inspired with rhyme,
The fault is the Muse's, how can it be mine ?

SONG.

WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

There's work for e'en the tiny stream
That ripples through the glade ;
That winds along in happy song
Through sunshine and through shade ;
See how it laves with freshening waves
The fragile, drooping flowers,
Then hastes away to join the play
Of softly-falling showers.

There's work for all in Nature's hall,
Of living, moving things,
For bird and bee, that, ever free,
Employ their tiny wings.

There's work for those who idly doze.
And dream their time away,
Who never brought a dormant thought
To lively, active play.

The heathen lands to busy hands
A thousand blessings owe ;
They could not love the God above,
Nor serve him here below,
Had they not heard his holy Word
From those who kindly went,
And freely spread the living bread
Which busy hands have sent !

Each little heart that acts its part
In kindly deeds of love,
That earnest pleads for all misdeeds
Forgiveness from above,
Will never stray from virtue's way,
But ever keep in view
That "Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

GRIMALKIN.

"I hate my cat," said Mabel Gray,
As on a grassy knoll she lay
And brushed the falling tears away
That marred her pretty face :

She turned and heard a stealthy tread,
"Well, what new mischief now," she said,
"You need not shake your guilty head,
You know you're in disgrace.

"I'd like to tie your cruel claws,
And pry apart your wicked jaws,
And look right down your throat, because,
I know what I should see ;—
Three little birdies half fledged out,
You need not ma-ow ; I have no doubt
That you are on another scout
The way you watch that tree.

"Just hear that poor bird-mother moan,
You might have left her nest alone,
Your heart is harder than a stone, —
Don't blink your great green eyes.
Have you forgot the toad that died
Because you tore his warty hide,
And bit him on the head beside ?
Your meanness I despise.

"And my canary, too, last spring,
You almost broke its pretty wing,
And nearly killed the frightened thing
Before its cries I heard ;
You'll not get any milk to-day,
No wonder that you s-n-e-a-k away, —
Scat ! scat ! oh dear ! help, help, I pray,
She's caught the mother-bird !"

A RHYMED EPISTLE TO FRED.

Dear Fred :—

I've thought this many a day
I'd write to you without delay ;
But swift the hours have flown away,
And still I'm ever pleading
A want of time and talent to write,
Because my letters are such a fright,
Blotted and dotted, a wonderful sight,
And scarcely worth the reading.

But since a thought has entered my brain
(A thing which never may happen again),
I'll write to you in poetical strain ;
Of course you are never to show it.
Though poets, you know, have a license to write
Whatever their heads or their hearts may indite ;
And if I should soar to this privileged height,
'T will prove that I'm — only a poet !

Well, Fred, our vacation approaches its end ;
And don't they seem short, these few days that we
spend
Away from the school-room ? Now, honest, my
riend.

Don't tell me you're anxiously yearning
To get back to school again, — how can it be ?
No doubt you'll come out with a mammoth M. D.
To show off your wonderful learning !

Geometry, Algebra, Grammar, — well, there !
I vote them a bore, Fred ; I do, I declare.
And who doesn't know that his head is in air,
 And his feet on the earth, when he's going ?
And then, don't I know that if I chance to place
My line of direction outside of my base,
That I'm sure to fall down on my back or my face,
 Without my Philosophy's showing ?

Well, here I've arrived at the end of my sheet ;
My thoughts are so poor 't will not do to repeat ;
And so, in "good order," I'll beat a retreat,
 And trust that your earliest leisure
Will find you essaying an answer to mine.
Just tell me whatever your heart may incline ;
If not a long letter, just drop me a line ;
 'T will give me, you know, so much pleasure.

LOST TREASURES.

High on the limb of an old cherry tree
 Sang a ground robin at morn's early peep,
While just beneath her, as snug as could be,
 Nestled four dear little birdlings asleep.

Tall o'er their heads the red timothy rose, —
 Just like a forest the long grasses stood,
Safe from all danger the nest to enclose,
 While the fond mother went searching for food.

Oh, how each clamored and stretched up its beak,
Soon as she flew panting homeward once more,
Down 'mid the grasses her darlings to seek,
Laden with tidbits, — a plentiful store !

Sometimes on tip-toe I ventured to look
Down at my pets in their snug, mossy nest,
Praising the gold of each sweet open throat,
Stroking the down of each fair glossy breast.

But as one morning the meadow I crossed,
Lo, mother-bird rent the air with her cries ;
What could it mean ? Had her darlings been lost
Trying to plume their young wings for the skies ?

Searching, I read her wild notes of distress, —
Just o'er the heads of her innocent brood,
Some cruel vagrant a reed-trap had placed,
Frightening the old bird away with her food.

Quickly I caught up the treacherous snare,
Ah, my heart bleeds as I tell you the rest —
Mother-bird came, but she found only there,
Four little skeletons starved in the nest !

A BOTANICAL BABY.

High up on the bough of a flower-budding tree,
Where the red-breasts their matins were sing-
ing,
I spied a wee cradle, a droll sight to see,
A little brown rocker hung up in the tree,
Which the wild winds kept swaying and swing-
ing.

This rocker with scaly-brown tiles was o'er-wrought,
And with resinous balsams cemented ;
And as it swayed backward and forward I caught
The sweet breath of zephyrs deliciously fraught
With the faintest of odors balm-scented.

I climbed to the bough where the cradle was hung,
For within it I longed to be peeping ;
And there, where the birds a soft lullaby sung,
And where the winds rudely their light burden
swung,
Lay a pink flower-baby, — and sleeping !

Oh, soft was the blanket and spotless as snow,
That was carefully folded around it !
But now my heart smites me, — yet how should I
know
That this infant was destined to flourish and grow
On the bough of the tree where I found it ?

It lies here beside me, a mute, lifeless thing,
For the food that was fashioned to rear it
Is hid in the boughs that now restlessly swing,
And the birds all in vain their sweet lullabies sing,
For a babe that is dead cannot hear it !

Come with me, O, ye who would study the ways
Of the woods and the fields and the hedges,
Come with me and see where the horse-chestnut
sways
Its flower-budding branches these soft April days,
Weaving shadows with golden-flecked edges.

The leaf-buds that swell 'neath these fostering
skies

Now their seven-cleft palms are unfolding ;
But fairest of all is the baby that lies
In its little brown rocker, — an elf in disguise,
That awaits our astonished beholding.

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

A King-Bird sat on a leafy limb,
And sang of his victories, loud and long ;
His vaunting heart was full to the brim,
As you would have thought had you heard his
song.

He boasted that the eagle and hawk
Were often forced to acknowledge him king ;
His notes rang out like a braggart's talk,
As you would have said had you heard him sing.

Just then a butterfly stopped to rest,
And chanced to alight on the self-same tree ;
A fair archippus with brilliant crest —
And, oh, wonderful wings of gold had she !

She'd fed on the milkweed's juicy stalk
Until its pink cream had tinted her wing ;
A few soft flakes that were white as chalk
Shone out here and there in a gorgeous ring

Of orange and red, while bands of black
 Enameled her garments of dazzling sheen ;
Of grace and beauty there was no lack,
 For fair Lepidoptera crowned her "Queen."

The King-Bird saw her rest on the tree —
 "Well, really, my lady is not afraid ;
A dainty morsel she'll make," said he ;
 And then he sharpened his beak like a blade !

"I'll pick the meal from her loaded wings,
 I'll suck the rich cream from her soft, round
 breast ;
The choicest morsels were made for kings,
 And surely this monarch should have the best."

And then with a chuckling chirrup low,
 He hopped quite noiselessly nearer his prey,
And you would have laughed outright, I know,
 Had you seen his woeful look of dismay !

"A vile archippus," he seemed to chirp,
 "A nauseous worm with a borrowed wing,"
(Then giving his bill an angry jerk.)
 "Not even fit for the serf of a king."

Instead of a luscious skipper or moth,
 Or bright asteria, here I have found
A loathsome thing that I'm even loath
 To hurl with my bill to the dusty ground."

Then turning his head to left and right,
His sharp, bead-like eyes all ablaze with hate,
He plumed his wings for a hasty flight,
To pour his woes in the ears of his mate.

Meanwhile the fair queen turned back her wings,
Well taught that a free, charmed life was hers,
For she had wisdom higher than kings —
That wisdom of instinct that never errs!

“Ha, little braggart,” said I, “although
Of wonderful conquests you loudly sing,
You’re conquered now, I very well know,
By the golden edge of an insect’s wing!”

The archippus butterfly, doubtless, has a nauseous disagreeable taste that birds do not relish, for it is the only kind that can roam unmolested by them.

OLD MR. SANTA CLAUS.

In Westminster Abbey, there is a beautiful chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, and one of the local guides gravely imparts the information that it is the burial-place of the original Santa Claus.

A little maid with curls of gold
Sat on my knee one Christmas morn,
With apron full as it could hold
From smiling Plenty’s fruitful horn;
While in a manner gravely quaint
She questioned of her Patron Saint.

Where did he live? Where was he born?
Did he, like us, come from the sky?
And was his white beard never shorn?
And would he ever, ever die?
And then she paused and earnest, said,
"What would I do if he were dead?"

To test her faith and tax her wit,
I sighed and very gravely said,
"My little May, I grieve for it,
But dear old Santa Claus is dead.
'Tis sad, my dear, but listen well,
And I a strange, true tale will tell.

There is a church so old so grand
That not another can compare
In anywise in any land
And Santa Claus is buried there!
Carved shields and roses crown his bier,
And lords and kings are lying near."

Incredulous, but tearful, still,
She raised to mine her swimming eyes, —
"But who did then my stocking fill?"
And thoughtfully, again replies,
"There must be some mistake because
Our cook has seen old Santa Claus!"

Then with an eager, puzzled look,
"But was it very long ago?
And did you read it in a book?
For some books are not true, you know —"

"But this is true, my little elf,
For I have seen the grave myself."

"But was it very long ago?"
"Ah, yes, my love, 'tis many years," —
Behold her sweet face all aglow,
And forcing back the swelling tears,
"Then it must be," she quick replied,
"Old Mr. Santa Claus that died!"

THE UNATTAINABLE.

Two fair little maidens with ringlets of gold
And cheeks like June roses, sat under a tree ;
Lithe, graceful and dainty, each formed in a mold
Of marvelous beauty, — a picture to see.

One wore the soft robes that fall only to wealth,
Rich velvets and laces her deft figure clad ;
The other bloomed gaily mid roses of health,
Content with plain homespun, her heart was so
glad.

Just then a tame robin flew up to the nest
That swung, zephyr-rocked, on the bough of the
tree,
Her mottled brown coat, and her trim scarlet vest
Just suited her style, one could easily see.

"That robin is mine, — mine forever to keep,"
Said plain little Homespun, "but wait and some
day

We'll climb to the nest and I'll give you a peep
At four little eggs, when the bird is away."

"I'll buy the sweet bird and her nest in the tree,
And give you the money; oh, won't it be fine?
Then you will have velvets and laces like me,
And you can wear dresses as costly as mine."

Two round pearly drops sprang to Homespun's
blue eyes,

"I'd rather go hungry and shabby," she said,
"Than part with my birdie that every day flies
Right under my window for crumbles of bread;

I know that your velvets and laces are fine,
I know I am poor, just as poor as can be;
But though you wear clothing more costly than
mine

You can't buy that robin's nest up in our tree!"

THE FIRST "BANG."

My little Maude, ne'er tired of Bible lore,
Stood in her dainty night-robe at my knee,
And begged that I would tell "one story more,"
Ere she to bed must go. What should it be?

Should it be Joseph and his brothers, then ?

No, *that* her tender heart too sorely grieves.
Should it be Daniel in the lion's den ?

Or modest Ruth among the ripened sheaves ?

Or should two shaggy bears from out the wood

In hungry haste Elisha's call obey ?

Or should the knowing ravens carry food

To poor Elijah, as he famished lay ?

Or good Queen Esther, she the loved and famed,

Who out of peril her dear people led ?

But, as each topic was in order named,

She slowly shook her golden, curly head ;

Then chose the Giant Samson, shorn of strength,

Bereft of sight, imprisoned, and alone ;

And when the tale was done there came, at length,

A long-drawn sigh, and then with tearful tone :

"I *pity* poor old Samson *so*," she said,

(A keen resentment in her accents rang,)

"I'm glad he killed those naughty people dead,

Because they tried to *make* him wear a Bang !"

THE TWO WEAVERS.

The sunbeams far down in the meadow,

At sly hide and seek were at play,

When lo, a tall oak threw its shadow

And frightened the idlers away ;

And then as the shadow grew deeper,
Two weavers climbed up on the tree.
One wrought a web-palace of lace work
As dainty as dainty could be.

The other built up a coarse fabric,
A rustic and rough hodden-gray,
And in this plain garment, close woven,
She hid herself meekly away.

The gossamer weaver tripped lightly
Across her frail net of soft lace,
Her eight bead-like eyes full of malice,
And full of deep cunning, her face.

And when the fine structure was finished,
Her keen eyes, fierce, scornful, and proud,
Peered slyly in quest of the toiler
Enwrapped in her self-woven shroud.

"How dares that coarse weaver of home-spun,"
She said, with a spiteful grimace,
"Set up her rough loom near my palace,
My palace of silver-spun lace?"

'Tis well the vile creature has hidden
Her gross, ugly form from my sight;
It may be the glare of my grandeur
Has caused her to die of affright."

The sunbeams of summer departed,
And cold winds of autumn sighed low,
And soon her frail net-work of laces
Was buried in feathery snow.

But there, on the bough dried and leafless
Unmindful of sunshine or cloud,
Still lay through the long dreary winter,
The weaver asleep in her shroud.

And when the oak donned her green leaflets
And birds sought her boughs on glad wing,
And fair-petaled blossoms awakened
Beneath the warm kiss of the spring ;

A creature of marvelous beauty
Burst forth from that gloomy gray shroud,
With pinions as swift as the sunbeams,
And bright as a golden-hued cloud.

But never more came the proud weaver
To build up her palace of lace,
Ah surely, "He scorneth the scorner,
And giveth the lowly his grace."

RETALIATION.

"Let's hang up our stockings," said little house
wren,

"Agreed," said the sparrows, "we'll try it."

"'Twill be of no use," croaked the old speckled
hen,

"For Santa Claus never 'll come nigh it.

I tried it last year, and not one of my brood
Got a single grain more for the trouble,
Although I had told them that if they'd be good
Their feed would most surely be double.

But I've not forgotton the slight, never fear,
I just 'stole' my nest when I made it ;
And never an egg have I furnished this year,
And not by one cackle betrayed it !

"Don't mind what she says," said the wren, speak-
ing low

"She's known for her ceaseless complaining ;
In winter she fears it is going to snow,
In summer she's sure 'twill be raining."

"'Twill pay us to try," said the sparrows aloud,
"If we get but a few grains of barley."
"A few grains of barley among such a crowd !"
Said the hen. Then an end of the parley

Was suddenly made by the farmer, who cast
His eyes round the poultry-yard, seeking
A fowl, fat and fair for his Christmas repast ;
And ere the poor hen had done speaking,

He seized her and bore her away by the legs,
Although she distinctly protested.
"A-ha," said the cook, "since you won't furnish
eggs
Nor tell where all summer you've nested "

Just make yourself useful for once, Mistress Hen,
There's no use of croaking and kicking ;
We'll serve you for dinner to-morrow, and then
We'll see if your bones are worth picking."

SCHOOL SONG.

(A Parting Ode.)

We go, but sunny Memory
Sheds o'er each path her light,
And Friendship's fairest garland
Shall crown each brow to-night ;

It is a fadeless chaplet,
We weave it ere we part,
Its flowers are immortal
They bloom within the heart.

The sunbeam and the shadow
On vacant seats will fall,
And footsteps wake no echo
Within the silent hall ;

But long may sunny Memory
Shed o'er each path her light,
And fadeless be the garland
That crowns each brow to-night.

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